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THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

BY JOHN PAUL.

It is all very well for poets to tell
By way of their song adorning,
Of milkmaids who rouse to manipulate cows,
At five o'clock in the morning,
And of moony young mowers who bundle outdoors—
The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
At five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of five
Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
But the sweet country girls, would they show their curls,
At five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but alas!
What if he popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee,
If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed and his house and his head
At five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell,
But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
At five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at three!"
If not, I'd turn on him with scorning;
"Don't come here, you flat, with conundrums like that,
At five o'clock in the morning!"

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII

AUNT HESTER COMES TO AGATHA'S AID.

"The illusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal waking. —*Thackeray.*

"It is only when we immolate self to principle, that we are truly virtuous."—*Corinne.*

AUNT HESTER'S STORY.

"I once had a friend with whom I was on the most intimate terms. I am sure my friend never had a secret from me, and this is how I came to know the circumstances that I am going to tell you. I am not violating any confidence in repeating it, for were she here now, she would say, "If my experience can be of any benefit to another, do not withhold it." In one way, at least, I can see how it may be of use to you; for when doubts of God's providence or of the wisdom of our Saviour's teachings creep into the mind, no one can foresee the result. My friend—let me see what name I shall give her? for, of course, I can never tell you her true name. I will call her Henrietta. She once went to make a visit at a married friend's. This friend had married when quite young a man of ability and worth, whom her father wished have to her marry. Henrietta found her friend very happy in her children, and devoted to their happiness. They were evidently of primary importance in the mother's eyes, as children are sure to be when the match has not been purely a love match. Just as Henrietta's visit was drawing to a close, one of the children was taken down with scarlet fever, and she remained to assist in the care of the child; then, the husband was attacked, and one by one the remaining children. Henrietta gladly stayed through all, for she felt no fear of contagion. The husband's case proved to be the most critical, but the anxieties of the mother were so centred upon her darlings that she did not realise this. Night after night Henrietta kept her place by the bedside of one or the child, urging the wife to give more of her attention to her husband. During these long and trying weeks, she became literally as one of the family. The husband learned to call upon her as he would have called upon a sister, and she came and went into his chamber as if he were her brother. "There is Horace calling me," the wife used to say, "he thinks that I can be everywhere in the same moment. Do go and keep him quiet, for he is so cross since he began to convalesce that I am sure he will end by driving us all out of the house, if something is not done to amuse him." So Henrietta went as she was told, and very often took with her either flowers to brighten the room, or fruit to tempt the invalid's appetite. The eyes, that always brightened at her approach, repaid her a thousand fold for any patience that she had to exercise. Day after day she read by the hour to the convalescent, as he grew better, Browning, Tennyson, or Shelley; and as he gradually recovered his strength, conversation took the place of books, and more and more she wondered at the rich stores of information that he possessed, at the varied culture of his mind and the seemingly exhaustless fund of his learning. No murmurs or complaints escaped his lips at his wife's evident neglect: more than once Henrietta was on the brink of remonstrating with her concerning it; but she wisely resisted the impulse seeing that any radical change would be impossible, as her children had so long occupied the first place in her affections. At last, all the convalescents were able to leave their respective chambers, and once more Henrietta made preparations for departure. No, I must go back and tell you of something that happened before the husband was able to leave his room; he was sitting in an easy chair by the open window—for it was a sultry night in August—when he called his wife to come into his chamber. She was occupied with one of the children, and Henrietta was sitting by the bed of another, telling some wonderful fairy story to the little boy, who was her especial pet, and whose nightly custom upon retiring was to demand one of her. The wife said to her, "I wish you would go and see what Horace wants," so she made a speedy ending of her story and went. There was no light in the room, but that of the moon, which was struggling through the clouds, and everything was dim and shadowy. As she approached him, he said: "You look in your trailing white dress like an angel that has floated down to earth on some errand of mercy." He drew her to the window, saying: "I want you to look up to the heavens that you surely came from, and tell me whether you ever saw anything more beautiful, in heaven or earth, than the scene before you." Between them and the horizon lay the ocean, calm as a lake; yet, with throbbing bosom, as if some gigantic heart were reposing beneath. Clouds of intense blackness were grouped in fantastic forms against the back ground of pale sky, their ragged edges bordered with opalescent light; for the moon had risen behind them, and every now and then revealed herself through the openings. Henrietta seated herself on the chair, which he motioned her to take, and, leaning one arm upon the window frame, looked out on the weird spectacle, with her heart too full for words. Sheet lightnings were flashing in the sky, and every now and then the mutterings of far distant thunder echoed through the profound stillness. The night was solemnly, grandly still. After a long pause, the husband said: "Tell me of what you are thinking, will you not?" She answered, "I was wondering what heaven could be like, when earth is so much more than beautiful." There was another pause, and then he laid his hand lightly upon the arm that rested upon the window, and said: "I shall have a great deal to tell you when we reach the other world." That was all. A day or two after that, Henrietta was gathering her books together, and her drawing materials, and the husband asked her if she would not give him one of her sketches. She gave him her portfolio to choose from. He selected a fancy sketch. A young girl leaning against a window, looking thoughtfully upwards, with more of heaven than earth in her face, so full of all holy aspirations were the speaking eyes. He said: "I have selected this, because it reminds me of the magic night in which you seemed to me to have floated down from heaven to earth, to minister to me. I wonder after you have gone, whether you will ever think of me as I will think of you." "There will not be a day," she answered, "in which I will not think of you and your wife, and wish myself back with you." "That is not what I want," he said impatiently; "I wish to feel sure before we part that you will think of me as I shall think of you—I mean, as of one with whom, if fate or destiny had brought him to you earlier in life, there might have been that true union in which soul is fused with soul, mind blended with mind, so that two would have literally have been made one; but good God! what have I said?" for he saw that Henrietta shrank away from him, shocked and terrified. She gathered up her books and drawings, and left the room, without making any answer. The next evening she was setting quite alone, when he came up to her. She had been utterly confounded by the sudden revelation of his feelings toward her the previous day, and now she feared his presence. He said: "Can you ever forgive me for what I said to you yesterday? Believe me, but for my illness I never would have betrayed my weakness. Now, you must not refuse to listen to my exculpation; you have seen how good my wife is—what an excellent mother and housekeeper; and you have seen that as far as any sympathy—companionship—what shall I call that nameless affinity that blends two souls in one?—well, you have seen that as far as that goes, I might as well have married that Martha in Scripture, who was so careful about so many things that she could not attend to the interests of her own soul. I do assure you that my very soul is imperilled for want of that degree of affection which my wife never has felt, and never will feel for me. This and my weakness, after my long illness is all the excuse I have to offer; but I implore you to forget what I said yesterday—to restore me to the same footing that I was on with you before—not to look at me so coldly, and I will never give you any reason to regret it. Tell me that you will?" She replied: "I will upon one condition." "Name it," he said. "Upon the condition that you promise never again to address one word to me that you would not be willing to have your wife stand by and hear." He replied, "I promise willingly. You are quite right—this is as it should be." When Henrietta went to her room that night, she asked herself why he had not fallen in her esteem—why it was that she felt him to be dearer to her than ever? While she regretted the loss of the friendship that she felt might always have existed between them if he had not disclosed his love for her, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that that love was very precious to her. She recalled how once when she had been chatting and laughing about the requirements of friendship, she had said that she should not be exacting; he had replied, "And I should be very exacting, if you were that friend. I should want a great deal more than you could ever give me—more, I mean, than you would be willing to give me; but still, I am grateful for ever so little." She had not thought much of this at the time, but now it all came back to her, with many, many other things that were full of deep meaning—that had a new significance. Why did she not hate the man for daring to say such words to her!—for presuming to lay his hand upon her arm, the evening when she had sat beside him in the window? She asked herself if another man lived whose course she would not have resented had he attempted such liberties in words and acts. Then, why had this man but become dearer to her?—so dear that it seemed to her now, that when the morrow came and she should leave him, it would be like going out of Paradise into a desert? "Am I then one of those wretched beings who enter a family but to bring estrangement between husband and wife? one of those false friends who smile deceitfully, and profess affection for the wife, while robbing her of her husband's love?" She thanked God that she was not such an one—that as far as she was concerned, she could that moment go to her friend, and say to her, that she wished her to know all that was in her heart—that she could tell her just how dear her husband was to her, and say even if she had the power, she would not rob her of one of his thoughts. She longed to say to her, "Let me have the crumbs that fall from your table unregarded; they are all that I desire, they would satisfy me—but I will not take them without your knowledge and consent." She reasoned in this way, and she really believed that her reasoning was just to both herself and her friend; that such relations might be sustained, if her friend did but sanction them. But the plant which had sprung up so suddenly in her heart, and which, if no light but the cold lunar light of friendship had fallen upon it, would have been of slow growth, had in the fostering rays of the sun of love grown like the gourd of Scripture. It had already enwound itself with every fibre of her being; so that on the morrow when the hour of parting approached, she was like one who stands upon the shore in sight of the ship which goes down before her eyes, bearing from her sight her most precious treasure. Her heart felt like lead within her, her nerves were strung to their highest pitch of endurance, her head seemed bound round with iron bands that compressed her brain, and tortured her. The end of all time seemed to have come. The little children whom she had loved so dearly were nothing to her now—they clung around her, loth to have her go; but all her affection for them seemed for the moment to have been swallowed up in the one absorbing, intense infatuation that had seized hold of her with demoniacal power drifting her along the current of her destiny. It was but twenty-four hours since she had thanked God, that whatever his feelings were for her, she had not one thought in her heart for him, that she need to blush for. How terrible was the fall from that pinnacle on which she had placed herself above him! When the moment of parting arrived, her friend discovered that she could not leave her household duties to go to the train, and asked her husband to go with Henrietta. "He will be better for a little drive," she said. So they found themselves in the carriage together, and Henrietta was so successful in her efforts to subdue and keep down all emotions, that she seemed more like a statue than a living human being. "I see you will never forgive me," he said, mistaking the cause of her silence and her frigid demeanor. His voice was so full of pathos, that she felt the tears filling her eyes, and as they rolled down over her cheeks she found the stony hardness of her heart melting away, the painful rigidity of her muscles relaxing. He continued, "What would I not give could I only succeed in once again establishing our former relations?—could I make you forget my wretched imbecility! Remember, and let this memory plead for me, how ill I had been, and how in my illness you were the only one who seemed to care whether I lived or died, until at last you were always in my thoughts, both sleeping and waking. But no, it is not possible for you to understand such love as I have given to you—asking nothing but permission to love you. How can I endure what my life will be to me after once having known you, when you have gone out of it, if I have to feel that I have lost your respect, your friendship? I shall be tempted like the man of old to curse God and die!" Every word struck her heart as if a knife were plunged into it. Then a species of exaltation came over her, such as a martyr might feel, who in the glory of being called to suffer for the faith finds transport in the suffering. "Shall I part with him, hypocrite that I am, and not tell him first that I share his pain? shall I leave him to think that I have less to bear than he has?—that I am indulging a righteous pride?—the pride of the Pharisee, who thanks God that he is better than other men? The sin lies not in the love we feel for each other, but in the indulgence of that love in a way which would wrong those who have claims upon us. He shall see my heart once, and then we will each help the other to that strength which we both need for the fulfillment of our duties, and which God, who brought us together, will not refuse to give us." She but turned and looked into his eyes. Not a word was spoken; not a word was necessary. She had drawn her glove upon one hand; he took the ungloved one, reverently, as if it had been the hand of an angel, and just touched it with his lips. Then she spoke. "I was going to say something to you," she said, "but after all it is better unsaid. I will wait until we meet in that world, where, as you told me the other day, I shall have a great deal to tell you." "You are right," he answered, "it is better to wait, for I would not have you say anything to me here that you could ever wish unsaid." They reached the station, but the train had not yet arrived, nor was there any one in the waiting-room. They sat down side by side, and he reached his hand to clasp hers, but she withdrew it. He saw the color come into her face, as she felt the magnetism of his touch but for that one instant, and the weakness of human nature triumphed as he felt his power over her. He whispered: "Tell me what you was going to say. It will be so much for me to remember after we have parted; and think how long—how very long the years will be before we meet in another world." "Not so long," she replied, "as those would be spent in eternity, vainly regretting not having resisted the temptation to say what I wished to say here. But if we both make a right use of this discipline, which I know God has sent to us—not only to show us our own weakness as well as to strengthen our powers of resistance of evil, but to develop that in our natures which is His sweetest, best, and highest gift—we shall not fail to meet in a world where there will be no sin in expressing what we feel for each other." "Will you be mine there?" he asked. "I will," she answered, "if we are found worthy of eternity." The sharp whistle of the locomotive was heard, and directly the train came thundering on. As they stood in the dark little waiting-room alone, a mad impulse came over him, as he told her afterwards, to hold her just once to his heart—just once to kiss her on her lips—but resisting it, as her words came back to him—'If we are found worthy'—he said, "We must have it to remember that I never kissed you, not even on your cheek." They held each other's hand in lingering pressure, and then they parted; while, as she learned afterwards, he stood looking after the train that bore her from him until the last vestige of the locomotive's curling smoke disappeared in the level distance. After this came Henrietta's remorse, not perhaps that very day, nor the next, but when the strange exaltation that had given her spirit wings, as it were, lifting her above everything earthly, had disappeared, and left her to face the matter-of-fact occurrences in the broad light of common sense, she suffered such pangs as only those can feel who have tried to do their duty conscientiously to God and their fellow men, and who have suddenly fallen short where they had felt themselves to be most secure. She could not forget the wild longing she had felt, at the moment of parting, that he would only once take her in his arms, only once kiss her, as those who love kiss when they part; and the degradation of soul which she experienced over this memory seemed to her like a serpent eating its way into her heart. Never could she be thankful enough that in that moment he had been capable of the god-like strength he had manifested; and never could she forget that she owed to him the memory that he never had held her in an embrace; for it was not until they met once more, that she was made happy by hearing from his lips that it was her words which had made him so strong."

Aunt Hester shaded her eyes with one hand as she ceased speaking, supporting her head, for her elbow rested on the table by which she was sitting.

"Oh, Aunt Hester, do tell me more," said Agatha. "Tell me when and how they met again; do dear Aunt Hester." Then she saw two large tears plash upon her aunt's hand, which lay in her lap, and she said, "No, if it distresses you to recall these memories, I will not be so selfish as to ask it; but Aunt Hester, I can never thank you as I would, I can never find words to tell you what this history has done for me. I believe that you have saved my life." and Agatha laid her head in her aunt's lap, lifting her hand and pressing it caressingly to her face.

There was a silence of some minutes, then Aunt Hester resumed her story.

"Years passed before they met again, and wherever Henrietta went she carried with her her secret, as one might carry a coffin which could not be placed out of sight, because of some prescribed penance. When they did meet, both had been so purified by the fiery trial they had been called upon by God to undergo, that they were able to meet as two should meet who were so situated. Every year upon the anniversary of the day when her eyes had spoken to him of the hunger and thirst that was in her soul for love which life had denied her, she received a letter from him; but the letter only contained some verse of Scripture, or a quotation from some author, which embodied the sentiments of his heart toward her.

One letter contained only these lines:

Our pangs are infinite as is our love,
And infinite as both will be the glory
Of overmastering both.

Another time:

How nobly shows our virtue
When the heart breaks in its exercise!

And again:

"'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'"

"I am sure that through it all," continued Aunt Hester, "no one suspected the existence of the cross they bore, as I am also sure they never wished to change their cross for any other; for with all the suffering, there was that sweetest of compensations that comes from a knowledge that one is so dearly loved, even if so widely separated. No poet has ever sung truer words than that it is sweeter to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"Do tell me, Aunt Hester, where is he now—what has become of him."

"He is in eternity, waiting for one who hopes to realise there, all that has been to her here only a dream, when God sees fit to restore them to each other."

Agatha pressed her aunt's soft and still beautiful hand to her lips, kissing it over and over.

"I do not know how to thank you for telling me this story; if you only could know *why* I thank you so much," she said.

Aunt Hester felt that Agatha's heart would soon open to her, but taking no notice of what she said, she continued, "I commenced by saying that when once the mistake had been made of marrying one of an uncongenial temperament, I thought the burden ought to be borne uncomplainingly to the end of life. Of course I do not mean that there are no exceptions; but I speak in general terms. In this instance, Henrietta's friend had made the mistake of marrying to please a father whose every wish was her law; she had not known what love was beyond filial love; and she loved her husband as she would have loved a brother; satisfied, because she knew no higher nor deeper love. Her husband's love for her was first chilled, and finally destroyed, by her indifference to him. He was the only apparent sufferer; but she suffered, in that her nature has no opportunity for that development which married life brings, when the love that unites the husband, is that alone which constitutes marriage. Still, her happiness was so centered in her children, that she felt no loss. Had she ever met a man who possessed for her that power of attraction which her husband failed to possess for her, then she would have been conscious of the capabilities of her nature for a more exalted passion than any that had ever been revealed to her. As it was, she remained in ignorance of *all* that life is capable of conferring; and was happy in that ignorance. Now, we will suppose that her husband had insisted upon a separation, or even expressed to her his desire to have one; how unhappy it would have made her, and consequently her children! What a scandal would have been associated with the two selfish beings who could plan and carry out steps to secure their happiness at such a fearful cost! No, rest assured I am right; in most cases the mistake should never be acknowledged, even to each other; certainly not publicly. But Mrs. Arthur Grey's case is not a parallel one, I know; she has no children; her husband is intemperate, and lately I have heard that he is drinking himself into the grave. It is said he has been sent for by his mother to come abroad on account of his health, his physicians saying that he cannot last through the summer. I hope——"

"Aunt Hester," said Agatha, interrupting her, and looking straight into her eyes, "Aunt Hester, you know I am not thinking of Mrs. Arthur Grey; you know that it is because of an experience of my own that I feel so grateful to you. Let us have no concealments between us, other than the one of identity; you have told me your history, and I will tell you mine."

"My history, child!" was all that Aunt Hester said, the blood fading from her very lips while she pressed both hands tightly over her heart, as if Agatha had struck her a mortal blow, in thus revealing that she knew what Aunt Hester had always concealed from every eye save that of the All Seeing One.

"Do you regret it?" said Agatha. "It is as safe with me as mine will be with you. I do not ask to know more than you have told me. You have shown me that such love comes unbidden, unsought; that if properly controlled, it not only interferes with no rights of others, but may be made the means of one's own spiritual advancement; that the sin is not in feeling that attraction, but in yielding to it. Tell me that you do not regret it; for Aunt Hester, I never loved you before as I love you now; you have given me back what I thought I had lost for ever—my self respect. I know now that I am worthier, than if I had had no temptation to resist."

Aunt Hester kissed Agatha very tenderly, and answered:

"I cannot and do not regret anything that has been instrumental in producing such an end. I am more than repaid for the torture that it still is to me to recall these events. I call it torture; but it is an exquisite torture."

"And now," said Agatha, "I can tell you everything. How I have longed to unburthen my heart to some one! I have even wished I were a Roman Catholic, that I might go to a priest and learn from him whether this ever growing, wild, idolatrous love, that I feel for one who has married another, is as sinful in the sight of God as it is in my own; but now I feel that I no longer need to blush as I have over the faintest memory of it."

Agatha spoke with perfect calmness, but with great earnestness; and her face had in it that transfiguration which strong feeling bring to the plainest features, endowing them with the beauty of the soul. She continued:

"I am willing never to see him again in this world—never to hear the sound of his voice—more than willing. I am eager to do all that duty requires of me, except to give up the conviction that I am as dear to him as he is to me. I would rather die a martyr's death, than lose my faith in this conviction. While it lasts, and I feel it will last, I can endure the separation. All that I want is to feel sure that we will belong to each other in eternity."

Her face was luminous with the heavenly light that glowed in her eyes. As a sunbeam streamed through the vines and rested upon her head, it seemed to radiate from it like the rays of light that encircle the faces of saints and angels in pre-Raphaelite pictures.

"You will have to live the life of a martyr, Agatha, which is even harder than to die one," said her aunt. "With such love as is in your heart for one who belongs to another, death would be a mercy, even though he came to you with sword and flames; but death is an angel that takes his own time to release us; or rather, the time of his Master. He comes not at our call, and he appears where he is least welcome. There are many living martyrs in our day: few who are called upon to die as such. Tell me, dear, how such an experience ever came to you."

So Agatha told her aunt what she could tell, without revealing Carroll Tracey's identity; and then said:

"Now let us promise never to allude again to what passed between us this morning. We cannot tell each more than we have—we must not if we could. Am I not right?"

"Answer me one question," said Aunt Hester. "Is it because of this experience that you refused to go to Europe this summer?"

"It is. He is in Europe. When he returns we will go."

"You were right, my child, not to go. I understand all now, although I have no idea who he is."

The summer passed away; Agatha and her aunt were more to each other than they had ever been before.

Always Aunt Hester's face wore its sweet expression—a blending of chastened happiness and a wistful anticipation of all that was waiting for her in the beyond; while Agatha's troubled conscience set at rest, the ghost of remorse exorcised, her face regained its serene expression, while her thoughtful eyes held in them, "the secret of a happy dream she did not care to tell."

CHAPTER IX.

A GOSSIPING WATERING PLACE—MRS. BARBER SUFFERS FOR MRS. BARLOW'S SINS.

We slander, calumniate, and dishonor our fellow beings, all in the name of morality. —*Winwood Reade.*

XA. Yes, but the fun of gossiping!

Æ. By Jove, I don't know anything more exquisite.

—*"The Frogs"—Aristophanes.*

Meantime Narragansett had been as gay as Newport had been pronounced dull that summer.

Since the reported engagement of Frank Mortimer to Mildred was no longer denied, Mrs. Arthur Grey, who was staying with the Dexters at—— House, seemed to have grown desperate, for she "flirted right and left," totally regardless of appearances or of gossip, until her departure for Europe, where she was summoned on account of her husband's illness. Mrs. Dexter exercised her usual judicious control over her husband, who, however, managed his affairs on the sly so successfully, that no one suspected his temporary weakness for Mrs. Barlow had progressed into an affair of more consequence. Mrs. Grundy's time was fully occupied in canvassing the merits of the various flirtations between the unmarried couples, as to how far they transcended the bounds of propriety; and as to which of them might end in marriage, and which never would; but little cared the participants whether Mrs. Grundy approved or condemned. There were abundant bits of gossip floating around; no end of ill-natured comments and jests about the married and the unmarried, the middle-aged and the young; but "the little blonde" Mrs. Barber, carried off the palm in the way of being made the subject of scandal. Day after day, the dowagers (irreverently called "the gossips") assembled to compare notes, as one rumor after another was started on its round. Morning after morning she walked on the sands, or sat on the rocks that bordered the sea, with her new admirer, Mr. Shelby Smith, whom she had introduced as her cousin, but who had been pronounced by those conversant with her family history to be only a cousin of the remotest degree, such as the Scotch claim—of the twentieth remove, at least. They rode, or drove, or sailed together so constantly, that Mr. Barber was quoted as the most indulgent of husbands, by wives wishing to emulate her, and denounced as an idiot by those who had no opportunity to test the soundness of mind of their lords and masters.

If a committee had been appointed to watch their movements, no stricter surveillance could have been kept over them than was that instituted by the Misses Fortescue; two maiden sisters, whose interest in the affairs of others could in no way be accounted for, save by the supposition that they had no resources of any description within themselves.

One morning, when a group of ladies were seated in one corner of the drawing room, Miss Fortescue entered breathless:

"What do you think! Emma Barber is sitting down on the rocks with her cousin, and he is making love to her, you can all see for yourselves if you like. I never saw such shameless going on in my life," and Miss Fortescue fairly hissed the word "cousin" from between her teeth.

There was a regular stampede for the window. There they sat, in full sight, side by side.

"Really, I think you are mistaken," said Mrs Dexter. "They seem to be sitting very properly."

"No, I am not," persisted Miss Fortescue. "I took a good look at them both as I came along. There's nothing going on that escapes me. But you will see more than this if you will come with me to-night over to the ——House. We are going, Jane and I, to see for ourselves all the billing and cooing that goes on every night in the dark corner of the back piazza. Mrs. Hill's maid told my Stephanie that she had never seen anything to equal it."

"Hush! you don't say so: of course I will go. We will make up a party and take them by surprise," answered one of the ladies. "Come Mrs. Dexter, you must be one of us, and Mrs. Owen too, for it will be such fun to catch them. You know we can go ostensibly to hear the music."

"I have no objections to going over to hear the music," replied Mrs. Dexter, who, being a politic woman, had no idea of committing herself out and out to the proposed arrangement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"DON'T BE LATE" STATIONERY.—"Don't be late" stationery has been introduced in England, and is intended to be a gentle reminder to people who make a practice of being late at dinner. Each sheet of note paper and envelope bears a representation in fac-simile of the old willow-pattern dinner-plate, with the ends of a knife and fork showing underneath, and with the appropriate wording, "Don't be late." The color of the device is blue.

THE HEATHEN'S GOBLET.—There was a wonderful truth in the goblet which the genius of a heathen fashioned. Having a model of a serpent, he fixed it to the bottom of the cup. Coiling for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike, it lay beneath the ruby wine. He who raised the cup to his lips to quench his thirst and quaff the wine, could not see what lay beneath till, as he reached the dregs, that dreadful head rose and glistened before his eyes.

ETIQUETTE.—The word "etiquette" is French, and means in that language a ticket or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets, or small slips of paper, containing an outline of the proceedings and directions for the conduct of the company. Thus, if a thing were done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the etiquette. In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into our language.

A CURIOUS HUNTING PARTY.—The birds of South America must be a sociable race. A traveler on the Amazon tells us that they had a strange custom of hunting in crowds. Birds of many kind will unite in one party, fly altogether to one spot, where they will settle, and carefully search every nook and cranny for worms, grubs, beetles, and other nice things. Some hunt under the bark of trees, others turn their sharp eyes to the nests of ants, while a third sort search under leaves and twigs for their favorite morsel. There are no disputes over choice bits, and, in fact, it seems like a sociable hunting party.

A SHARP TRICK.—An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and a woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a gold ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would enter, and also make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shopkeeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he would look in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece, the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

CONTAGION BY MAIL.—The London *Telegraph* has recently published a correspondent's letter setting forth a remarkable instance of scarlet fever being communicated by a letter. A lady wrote to a friend to inform her that she was nursing her daughter, suffering from scarlatina. The friend, after reading and burning the letter, gave the envelope in which it was contained to one of her children to play with. Shortly after the child became sick of the same disease, which the physician traced to his own satisfaction to the infected letter. It might be suggested that an examination into the prevalence of contagious maladies among post office employes would throw some light on the danger of a possibly infected mail. One letter capable of communicating scarlet fever or small pox would probably render every other missive in the pouch equally dangerous as a disseminator of disease.

WHAT SOME SEGARS ARE MADE OF.—A government analysis of materials found in several segar manufactories show that they included cocoanut fibre, small seeds, cotton, wool and bread. At one establishment fifty pounds of "tobacco dust" were found and analyzed, when it was shown to contain string, wood, nails, grindings of tobacco-pipe, dirt and all sorts of refuse. Another large class of materials is apparently used for securing the adhesion and consistency of the segar when made. Among these starch is the most prominent; but it includes gum and amidine, blue, gum arabic, glue, glycerine and cocoa nut oils. The color of the fabrication is the next thing to be attended to, and for this purpose resort is had to yellow ochre, red sandalwood, logwood, lampblack and Venetian red.

FLY, LITTLE SWALLOW.

Fly, little swallow,
Flit and fly over
The fields of brown clover
And tell my one lover
Come quickly to me,
I'm weary with waiting,
Some wind is belating
That blows on the sea.

Fly quickly, O swallow!
I would I could follow
And tell my late comer
He knows not the summer
Was never so fair.
He knows not, my rover,
How all the days over
I only am lonely,
I only despair.

Why lingerest, swallow,
When suns are so mellow?
Till sweet days are sweeter,
And fleet minutes are fleeter
Than those on the sea?
Oh, wait not—I need thee!
Bid swift winds to speed him,
Delay not, I pray not,
But bring him to me.

O tardy brown winger,
O slothful news bringer!
Ere you can discover
And call my one lover
He smiles at the door;
No more the dreary waiting,
Though winds are belating—
He's safe on the shore!

EDNA.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

It was a cold night in September.

For three days the rain had fallen almost unceasingly.

It had been impossible for us to get out, and no visitors had been in.

Everything looked dreary enough, and we felt so, truly.

"Aunt Edna," I said, tell us a story—a love story, please."

"Oh, little one, you have read so many. And what can I tell you more?" she answered gently.

"Oh, aunty, I want a true story. Do tell us your own. Tell us why you are blessing our home with your presence, instead of that of some noble man, for noble he must have been to have won your heart, and—hush. Yes, yes I know something about somebody, and I must know all. Do, please."

I pleaded on. I always could do more with Aunt Edna than any one else. I was named after her, and many called me like her—"only not nearly so pretty" was always added.

At last she consented, saying:

"Dear girls, to only one before have I given my entire confidence, and that was my mother. I scarce know why I have yielded to your persuasions, Edna, save that this night, with its gloom and rain, carries me back long years, and my heart seems to join its pleading with yours, yearning to cast forth some of its fullness, and perchance find relief by pouring into your loving heart its own sorrows. But, darling, I would not cast my shadow over your fair brow, even for a brief time."

With her hand still shading her face, Aunt Edna began.

"Just such a night as this, eighteen years ago, dear child, my fate was decided. The daughter of my mother's dearest friend had been with us about a year. Dearly we all loved the gentle child, for scarcely more than child she was—only sixteen. My mother had taken her from the cold, lifeless form of her mother into her own warm, loving heart, and she became to me as a sister. So fair and frail she was. We all watched her with the tenderest care, guarding her from all that could chill her sensitive nature, or wound the already saddened heart. Lilly was her name. Oh, what a delicate lily she was when we first brought her to our home, but after a while she was won from her sorrow, and grew into a maiden of great beauty. Still with child like, winning ways.

"Great wells of love were in her blue eyes—violet blue he called them.

"Others wondered if anyone's gaze would linger on any dark eyes when Lilly's were near!

"Her pale golden hair was pushed off her broad forehead and fell in heavy waves far down below her graceful shoulders and over her black dress.

"Small, delicately formed features, a complexion so fair and clear that it seemed transparent.

"In her blue eyes there was always such a sad, wistful look; this, and the gentle smile that ever hovered about her lips, gave an expression of mingled sweetness and sorrow that was very touching.

"You may imagine now how beautiful she was.

"Her mother had passed from the earth during the absence of Lilly's father.

"Across the ocean the sorrowful tidings were borne to him.

"He was a naval officer.

"Lilly was counting the days ere she should see him.

"The good news had come that soon he would be with her.

"At last the day arrived, but, oh! what a terrible sorrow it brought.

"When her heart was almost bursting with joy, expecting every moment to be clasped in those dear arms, a telegraphic dispatch was handed in.

"Eagerly she caught it, tore it open, read—and fell senseless to the floor.

"Oh! the fearful, crushing words.

"We read, not of his coming to Lilly, but of his going to her, his wife, in Heaven.

"Yes, truly an orphan the poor girl was then.

"In vain proved all the efforts to restore her to consciousness.

"Several times, when she had before fainted, mother was the only physician needed.

"But that night she shook her head and said:

"'We must have a doctor this time, and quickly.'

"It was a terrible night.

"Our doctor was very remote.

"Your father, suggested another near by.

"Never mind his name.

"Your father said he had lately known him, and liked him much.

"Through the storm he came, and by his skillful treatment Lilly was soon in consciousness, but not in health.

"A low, nervous fever and many days we watched with fearful hearts.

"Ah! during those days I learned to look too eagerly for the doctor's coming.

"Indeed he made his way into the hearts of all in our home.

"After the dreaded crisis had passed, and we knew that Lilly would be spared to us, the doctor told mother he would have to prescribe for me.

"I had grown pale, from confinement in the sick room, and he must take me for a drive, that the fresh air would bring the roses back to my cheeks.

"Willingly mother consented.

"After then I often went.

"When Lilly was able to come down stairs, this greatest pleasure of my life then was divided with her.

"One afternoon I stood in the porch with her, waiting while the doctor arranged something about the harness.

"'Oh! how I wish it was my time to go,'" she whispered.

"'Well, darling, it shall be your time. I can go to-morrow. Run, get your hat,' I said, really glad to give any additional pleasure to this child of many sorrows.

"'No, no, that would not be fair. And, Edna, don't you know that to-morrow I would be so sorry if I went to-day? I do not mean to be selfish, but, oh, indeed I cannot help it. I am wishing every time to go. Not that I care for a ride——'

"She hesitated, flushed, and whispered:

"'I like to be with my doctor. Don't you, Edna? Oh! I wish he was my father, or brother, or cousin—just to be with us all the time, you know.'

"Just then the doctor came for me, and I had to leave her.

"As we drove off, I looked back and kissed my hand to her, saying:

"'Dear, little thing! I wish she was going with us.'

"'I do not,' the doctor surprised me by saying.

"I raised my eyes inquiringly to his.

"In those beautiful, earnest eyes I saw something that made me profoundly happy.

"I could not speak.

"After a moment he added:

"'She is a beautiful, winning child, and I enjoy her company. But when with her, I feel as if it was my duty to devote myself entirely to her—in a word, to take care of her, or, I should say, to care for her only. And this afternoon of all others, I do not feel like having Lilly with us.'

"That afternoon was one of the happiest in my life.

"Although not a word of love passed his lips, I knew it filled his heart, and was for me. He told me of his home, his relatives, his past life. Of his mother he said—

"'When you know her, you will love her dearly.'

"He seemed to be sure that I should know her. And then—ah, well, I thought so too, then.

"Lilly was waiting for us when we returned. He chided her for being out so late. It was quite dark. Tears filled her eyes as she raised them to his and said—

"'Don't be angry. I could not help watching. Oh, why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come back. I was afraid something had happened—that the horse had run away, or——'

"Angry I could not be with you, little one. But I don't want you to get sick again. Come now, smile away your tears and fears. Your friend is safe and with you again,' the doctor answered.

"Taking her hand, he led her gently into the parlor.

"He had not understood the cause of her tears. Only for him he watched and wept.

"'Do stay, she pleaded, when her doctor was going.

"He told her that he could not then; there was another call he must make, but would return after a while.

"She counted the minutes, until she should see him again, never concealing from any of us how dearly she loved him. She was as truly as guileless as a child of six years.

"From the first of her acquaintance with him, she had declared her doctor was like father. Mother, too, admitted the resemblance was very decided.

"This it was, I think, that first made him so dear to her.

"Several times, after the doctor returned that evening, I saw he sought opportunity to speak to me, unheard by others. But Lilly was always near.

"Ah, it was better so. Better that from his own lips I heard not those words—he would have spoken. Doubly hard would have been the trial. Oh, that night, when he said 'good bye.' He slipped in my hand a little roll of paper.

"As Lilly still stood at the window, watching as long as she could see him, I stole away and opened the paper. Then, for a while, I forgot Lilly—aye, forgot everything, in my great happiness. He loves me. On my finger sparkled the beautiful diamond—my engagement ring—to be worn on the morrow, 'if I could return his love,' he said.

"Quickly I hid my treasures away, his note and the ring—Lilly was coming.

"She was not yet strong, and soon tired, and as she kissed me good night, she said:

"'I wish I had a picture of him—don't you?'

"'Who, dear?' I asked.

"'My doctor. Who else, you tease? You knew well enough,' she answered, as she nestled her pretty head closer to mine.

"Soon she was sleeping, and dreaming of him. Sweet dreams at first I knew they were, for soft smiles flitted over her face.

"I could not sleep. A great fear stole in upon my happiness. Did not Lilly love him too. How would she receive the news which soon must reach her? Was her love such as mine? Such as is given to but one alone? Or only as a brother did she love him?

"I must know how it was. Heaven grant that joy for one would not bring sorrow to the other, I prayed.

"I had not long to wait. Her dreams became troubled. Her lips quivered and trembled, and then, with a cry of agony, she started up.

"'Gone, gone!' she sobbed.

"It was many minutes ere I succeeded in calming her and making her understand it was but a dream.

"'Oh, but so real—so dreadfully real. I thought he did not care for me. That he had gone and left me, and they told me he was married.'

"Telling this, she commenced sobbing again.

"'Lilly, dear, tell me truly—tell your sister, your best friend—how it is you love your doctor?' I asked.

"'How?' she returned. 'Oh, Edna, more than all the world. He is all that I have lost and more; and if he should die, or I should lose him, I would not wish to live. I could not live. He loves me a little, does he not, Edna?'

"I could not reply. Just then there was a terrible struggle going on in my heart. That must be ended, the victory won, ere I could speak.

"She waited for my answer, and then said, eagerly:

"'Oh, speak, do. What are you thinking about?'

"Pressing back the sigh—back and far down into my poor heart—I gave her the sweet and kept the bitter part, when I could answer.

"'Yes, dear, I do think he loves you a little now, and will, by and bye, love you dearly. God grant he may.'

"'Oh, you darling Edna! You have made me so happy' she cried, kissing me.

"Next morning I enclosed the ring with only these words—

"'Forgive if I cause you sorrow, and believe me your true friend. I return the ring that I am not free to accept.'

"I intended that my reply should mislead him, when I wrote that I was not free, and thus to crush any hope that might linger in his heart.

"While at breakfast that morning, we received a telegram that grandma was extremely ill, and wanted me.

"Thus, fate seemed to forward my plans. I had thought to go away for awhile. I then told mother all. How her dear heart ached for me.

"Yet, she dared not say aught against my decision. She took charge of the note for the doctor, and by noon I was on my journey.

"Two years passed ere I returned home. Mother wrote me but little news of either Lilly or doctor after the first letter, telling me that my note was a severe shock and great disappointment.

"Three or four months elapsed before grandma was strong enough for me to leave her. An opportunity at that time presented for my going abroad.

"I wanted an entire change, and gladly accepted. Frequently came letters from Lilly. For many months they were filled with doubt and anxiety, but after awhile came happier and shorter ones. Ah, she had only time to be with him, and to think in his absence of his coming again.

"When I was beginning to tire of travel, and nothing would still the longing for home, the tidings came that they were married, Lilly and her doctor.

"Then I hastened back, and ever since, dear girls, I have been contented, finding much happiness in trying to contribute to that of those so dear. Now, Edna, you have my only love story, its beginning and ending."

"But, aunt, do tell me his name," I said. "Indeed, it is not merely idle curiosity. I just feel as if I must know it—that it is for something very important. Now you need not smile. I'm very earnest, and I am sure I shall not sleep until I know."

I really felt a presentiment that if I knew his name, it might in some way affect the story.

"Well, my child, I may as well tell you. Dr. Graham it was—Percy Graham," answered Aunt Edna.

"Ah! did I not tell you it was not curiosity? Listen, aunt. When you were away last winter, papa received a paper from S——; he handed it to me, pointing to an announcement. But I will run and get it. He told me to show it to you and I forgot; I did not dream of all this."

From my scrapbook I brought the slip, and aunt read:

"DIED—Suddenly, of heart disease, on the morning of the 15th, Lilly, wife of Dr. Percy Graham, in the 34th year of her age."

Edna remained holding the paper without speaking for some minutes; then handing it back to me, she said softly, as if to her friend:

"Dear Lilly! Thank heaven, I gave to you the best I had to give, and caused you naught but happiness. God is merciful. Had he been taken and you left, how could we have comforted you?"

And then turning to me, she said:

"Nearly a year it is since Lilly went to heaven. 'Tis strange I have not heard of this."

"'Tis strange from him you have not heard," I thought; "and stranger still 'twill be if he comes not when the year is over. For surely he must know that you are free."

But I kept my thoughts, and soon after kissed aunt good night.

One month passed and the year was out.

And somebody was in our parlor making arrangements to carry away our aunt Edna.

I knew it was he, when he met me at the hall door and said:

"Edna—Miss Linden! can it be?"

"Yes, and no, sir—both Edna Linden, but, Doctor Graham, not your Edna. You will find her in the parlor," I answered, glad and sorry both at his coming.

Ah, she welcomed him with profound joy, I know.

He knew all; papa had told him.

And if he loved the beautiful girl, he then worshipped the noble woman.

"Mine at last!" I heard him say with fervent joy as I passed the door an hour after.

How beautiful she was when, a few weeks after, she became his very own.

I stood beside her and drew off her glove.

How happy he looked as he placed the heavy gold circlet on her finger.

How proudly he bore her down the aisle.

Ah, little Lilly was no doubt his dear and cherished wife.

But this one, it was plain to see, was the one love of his life.

FASHIONS A CENTURY AGO.—In 1788 the beau of the day, abroad and to some extent here, wore a hat of most capacious brim, with a very broad hat band and buckle, a powdered wig and pigtail, a short waistcoat; an exceedingly long tailed coat, having very large buttons, tight buckskin breeches, buttoned at the knee, and tied above and below it with bunches of ribbon. His boots are of a very odd form, like modern Hessians, except that the point is behind and not in front of the leg. These long-tailed coats and extensive collars became quite the fashion then, and were cut away in front to a narrow tail behind, completely putting flight the broad-skirted garments which had so long reigned supreme.

AN ACCOMPLISHED BIRD.—Canary birds may be taught to whistle tunes quite easily. A friend of ours had a canary bird that, as soon as it was old enough to pick up a living, was put in a room apart from all others, and a music box placed in the apartment and kept perpetually going, repeating one tune over and over again, so that the singular pupil had no other master to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship the owner was rewarded by hearing his little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and perfectly as if that was the song of his ancestors.

The Dagmar cross, found among the Scandinavian relics, and faithfully copied as a gift to the Princess of Wales on her marriage, is now reproduced and often worn. It is of curious shape, bearing an enamelled figure in red, green and blue at each point.

Every man cherishes in his heart some object, some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to others.

Chinese Music And Musical Instruments.

The Chinese have from the very earliest times divided musical sounds into eight classes, and imagine that, in order to produce them, nature had formed eight kinds of sonorous bodies. They divided them as follows: 1. The sound of the skin, produced from the tanned skin, or parchment of various animals. 2. The sound of stone. 3. Of metal. 4. Of baked clay. 5. Of silk, used in the form of strings, as we use catgut or wire. 6. Of wood, used often in instruments of percussion. 7. Of bamboo, used in flutes. 8. Of calabash, a species of gourd, out of which a peculiarly constructed instrument was manufactured. Of the skins of animals many different instruments are made, all of which may be designated under the general name of drums, but the Chinese possess various kinds of drums of all shapes and sizes.

The most ancient variety of these was the tou-kou, which signifies earth drum, so called because its body was made of baked clay, over each end of which was drawn the skin. An instrument of this description was both fragile and unwieldy; its disadvantages soon caused the clay to be replaced by wood, out of which all subsequent drums were made, the size and shape being varied according to the uses for which they were destined. Nothing is said in the ancient writings as to what varieties of wood were used in the manufacture of the earliest drums, but tradition has it that at first the wood of the cedar and mulberry, as also sandal wood, was the most used.

The Chinese possess eight kinds of drums. 1. The tsou-kou, which had the shape of a barrel, and was fixed upon a pole which ran through its body. 2. The yu kou, similar to the above, but the body more elongated, and the staff or pole which supported it was usually thrust into the earth to keep it firmly in position, while that of the tsou-kou stood upon a cross-piece at its base. 3. A variety of the tsou-kou called htuen kou, of very large size; on each side of this drum is attached a small drum, in shape like a kitchen pot, one of which is to be struck lightly, the other heavily. 4. The kin kou, another keg shaped drum mounted upon a pedestal; it is about six feet long and six feet in diameter. It receives different names according to the way it is decorated: thus, if it bears on its case paintings of storms, it would be called lei-kou, but if it is ornamented with birds of good omen, such as the fong hoang, or white swans, it is called lou kou. 5. The great tsou kou, which is still used to give the signal for the commencement of a song is about one foot in length and diameter. 6. The little tao kou, a cross between a drum and a baby's rattle, is about seven inches long, mounted upon a stick, and through the centre of its case a string is passed; at each end of this string are knots: when this drum is played the performer twirls it about rapidly, the knot flying against the string, and produce a sort of rattle, or drumming.

This drum is used to show the completion of a verse or division of any musical composition. It is also used in funeral processions and at commemorative ceremonies. 7. The yaken, a small drum which is filled with rice grains. The skin of this drum is not only tanned, but is boiled afterwards in pure water. The sound of this instrument is soft and pleasant. 8. The po-sou is a drum of cylindrical shape and is placed upon a small table; it is played sitting; in all other respects it is like the ya kou. These are the eight varieties of drums known to the Chinese; many of them are still in use.

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

The Parsees, or fire worshippers of India, have some very strange customs. They tie a dog to the dying person's bed, to have it take the soul, though in what way the animal is supposed to do it, I am not informed. When they feel sure that the person is going to die, they perform a certain ceremony, which consists in bathing the patient, and then he is given over to the men who are to carry his body to the Tower of Silence. No person, not even his best friends, can touch him after that. If they do so, they will be forever defiled, for he is to all intents and purposes a dead man. It is thought that people die whose lives might be saved, if it were not for this foolish custom.

As soon as he is supposed to breathe his last he is wrapped up in white cloth and carried on an iron bier on the shoulders of those bearers, followed at a little distance by his male relatives and other friends, all in the long robes, to the Tower of Silence, where no one except the bearers can enter. His body is than exposed to the vultures, which can always be seen on the walls waiting for their prey and quick work they make of it. If he is only in a swoon, as is sometimes the case, he can never return to his family. He is a dead man as far as they are concerned, and his return would bring pestilence. There is a story that a young girl once came to life and the bearers despatched her with a hatchet.

And there is a man, now quite old, living in Surat, who years ago made his escape from the Tower of Silence, but has never dared to return to his friends. There has lately been a good deal of excitement among the younger members of the Parsee community on account of a report having been spread that a man had lately come to life that had been killed by the rearers. There was a sort of investigation into the case. The bearers denied having killed a man, but did not explain satisfactorily what they did do. It is said that in the new tower there is a stone ladder to aid people to escape. As no one, not even a doctor, is allowed to approach them after the purification ceremony, it is left to the bearers to say when they are dead, and many mistakes are liable to happen.

Dress Decoration.

The present taste for home decoration has extended itself not only to furniture hangings, but also to linen, whether for personal wear or household use. Besides underclothing of linen and flannel, embroidered in colors, ladies indulge themselves in garments of foulard similarly adorned, and silk stockings worked in silk and gold thread, and sometimes enriched with beads.

Gentlemen, too, do not disdain to follow in the same groove, for lately in Paris was seen a shirt ornamented in front with flat bands of colored embroidery, quite in the Breton style; and another covered with tiny perpendicular puffings, divided by delicately embroidered seamings.

This display is not so frivolous as at first supposed; it is, in reality, but the outflow of artistic feeling, and the obedience to that impulsive instinct, which prompts even the savage to decorate, with beads and embroidery, the skin he wraps around his body, or, failing these, to stain and tattoo his naked flesh.

In Henry IV.'s reign we read of twenty three chemises ornamented with gold thread and colored silks on the seams and sleeves. Elizabeth presented her brother Edward with a linen smock, embroidered in black silk, the work of her own hands.

MEXICAN GAMBLING.—They are most desperate gamblers, but as they play among themselves, and fairly, luck deserting at one time, favors them at another, so they are not often ruined. A very wealthy man was sitting one afternoon in front of his house, taking the air, when he observed a pedlar, whom he knew very well, looking intently at his premises; hailing him, he asked him what he was about, and what new peculiarity he had discovered in his mansion. "Oh," said the man, "I was only thinking that possibly some day the establishment may belong to me; especially as we Almanians are very fond of cards, and luck often favors the poor man." Tickled with the man's effrontery, and delighted to get some one to gamble with, he offered to lend him ten dollars, if he would sit down and take a hand; a proposition no Mexican was ever known to refuse. At it they went—they became very much excited—the pedlar won, won, and wanted to leave off, but his opponent would not hear it, but insisted on doubling the stakes, at it they kept until daylight. The next morning the pedlar rose from the tables a winner of every penny the other possessed in the world—house, land, stock, everything.

The Roman Catholic Church of the United States spends $600,000 yearly among the freedmen of the South, and has one hundred thousand colored pupils in her schools.

NEWS OF INTEREST

Napoleon wanted to get Cyprus in 1799.

Wet feet people more graves than war.

Keep a watch for meteors about this time.

Hard times stimulate recruiting in the army.

France has rolled up a debt of $4,097,-981,000.

One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds.

All the stylish dresses for Fall are to be cut short.

Louis Descompt Lobadie, of Detroit, has 33 children.

Harvest hands are scarce in Minnesota at $1.50 a day.

The pineapple is not a single fruit but a mass of fruits.

The highest houses in London have twelve stories.

Hydrophobia can be artificially produced in dogs.

A long and cold winter is predicted by weather prophets.

Manufacturers are very sanguine of better times this Fall.

$120,000 are annually sent out of Georgia for canned fruit.

The State of Ohio has $396,000,000 invested in railroads.

Balconies on houses originated with Italian architecture.

The Saratoga, N. Y., hotel employs 650 waiters—all negroes.

Red and yellow were the only colors known in ancient art.

Railroad interests of the United States represent $6,000,000,000.

Tobacco smoke makes bees lively and puts them in a bad humor.

Throw some solution of copperas into your cesspool occasionally.

Two acres of sunflowers will furnish a family with fuel through a long winter.

Games of ball were among the most favorite gymnastic exercises of the ancients.

Union College has given Edison, the inventor, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

A Cincinnati policeman shot and killed a man who went to help him in a street fight.

Coined money was known among the Chinese in the eleventh century before Christ.

Signer John Hancock's grave, in Boston, is unmarked by either tablet or gravestone.

Five American Indians, in full war paint and feathers, are astonishing visitors in Paris.

Thaddeus Stevens made a provision in his will for the founding of an asylum for the insane.

In England, a tiny thread of gold supporting a solitaire diamond is the favorite engagement ring.

A man was fined in London lately for insisting on riding on the platform of a street car instead of inside.

Smashing costly monuments is at present the favorite amusement of tramps in all parts of the country.

A few years ago Maine was the greatest lumbering state in the Union, but now she is the sixth on the list.

There was only one white man in the Republican county convention at Chester, S. C., and he was an ex-Confederate.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who has waged a forty years' war for so much property in New Orleans, is a little more than 73 years old.

A Dr. Lavender, of Georgia, is said to cut off all the forelegs of his goats at the knee, and never to allow a horn on any of his stock.

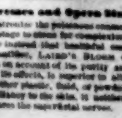
The heat in some of the Nevada silver mines is so great that the consumption of ice amounts to ninety six pounds per day to each man.

In San Francisco there are said to be about 300,000 people, but the whole church-going population, both Catholics and Protestants, is only 45,000.

It has been decided by a court in Perthshire, England, in a case involving the legal kinship of relatives, that a brother is nearer of kin to a sister than is a father.

A French actress recently nearly lost her life by sleeping in an apartment filled with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage during the evening. She was unconscious when found.

Prof. Levifeuv, a Pole of Warsaw, has just discovered a method of taking entire clay casts of the living body without the least injury. Hitherto, these could be had of corpses only, and hence the new discovery promises to be extremely advantageous to sculptors.



Actresses and Opera Singers no longer patronize the poisonous cosmetic formerly used on the stage to atone for complexional defects, etc., but use instead that beautiful, emollient and genuine beautifier, LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which, both on account of its purity and the permanence of its effects, is superior to all other cosmetics, whether plastic, fluid, or powder. While it imparts brilliancy to the skin, it neither clogs the pores or injures the superficial nerves.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

Forgive me and forget, you say,
"Forgive the wrong, and bid
The bitter sting to be forgot,
And trust as once you did."

Forgive thee? Yes, I do forgive,
And pity thy weak heart,
Which could not hold to friendship's vows,
Nor bear its noble part.

Forget? Ah! truly I will try:
But does the child forget,
When once the fingers have been burned,
The pain which tingles yet?

And does it trust, as once, the flame
Which turned delight to pain,
Or seek to grasp the ruby coals
In loving clasp again?

Full freely I forgive, and I
Shall bathe in Lethe's stream
The wound, until its pain is like
Some long forgotten dream.

But ask me not to trust again
The heart which proved untrue;
For trust betrayed can ne'er again
Bind friendship's faith anew.

Go seek some other shrine of love,
Thy fickle vows to pay;
But think no more to win the trust
Which once thou didst betray.

ERCELDEAN:

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIX—[CONTINUED.]

"I have an exceedingly unpleasant thing to say Ailsa; perhaps the sooner it is said the better. I am sorry, but your daughter has refused to acknowledge me as her lawful guardian, and I have done with her."

"Oh, Peter," sobbed Lady Lennox, "do not say that! It sounds so very hard—so very hard, my dear."

"It is no harder than the words she has used to me. However, understand that I am done with her, Ailsa." Then his voice trembled and faltered. He went on after a short pause. "I tell you, Ailsa, I shall disinherit her. I shall destroy my will; and I must request her to return to Strathnarn at once—my house shall shelter rebellion and defiance no longer. As for yourself, I will make some little addition to your comforts; for her I will do nothing—she must reap as she has sown."

"We can bear it, mamma darling," said the girl. "Strathnarn was not very miserable—and I will make you happy."

But Lady Lennox sobbed on as though her heart would break.

"I cannot bear it, Trixie," she said. "I have suffered too much already; and now, just as we were so happy——You cannot mean it, Peter—you will not be so hard?"

"It is your daughter who is hard," he replied, "not I. I am willing to do everything and anything except consent to her marriage with that penniless barrister."

"And I," said Beatrix, "prefer to spend my life with the truest gentleman I have ever met were he never so penniless. Mamma dear, do not cry so—I will make you happy."

"I cannot bear it, Trixie," sobbed Lady Lennox. "I thought I was stronger; it will kill me to leave the luxury and comforts of this place for the lonely desolate solitude of Strathnarn. I am not strong."

Beatrix looked at her uncle.

"Uncle," she said, "could you not find some other way of punishing me? Make me suffer twice as much if you will, but spare mamma."

He neither looked at her or spoke to her, but turned to Lady Ailsa.

"I am sorry you have to suffer for your daughter's wrong-doings. You must pardon me if I am firm. When your daughter submits to my wishes, I will make everything as pleasant as possible for you; but while she persists in her wilfulness I will persist. Lennox has met Lennox—you know how it must end. Let me add that I shall be pleased if you will take her away to Strathnarn as soon as you can. I shall leave my house now, and not return until she has quitted it."

Beatrix arose from her mother's side and stood before him with flashing eyes.

"You are cruel," she cried angrily—"cruel and unmanly. I do not care what you do to me, but is it worthy of a man to punish a weak delicate woman for the fault of her child? You strike at me through her, and I say it is cowardly, unworthy of you. The meanest foes meet face to face—you strike me through one I hold most dear."

He never looked at her, never answered her; the girl's slender figure trembled with agitation.

"I have no respect for you," she said proudly. "I did not think that you could have done such a thing. I would not be your heiress now if I could. You are a trader and no gentleman. You will not be kept out of your house long. I shall go to Lady Rayner's now—at once; my dear mother will go with me; and we can travel to Strathnarn when she is well enough."

She made him a low bow and swept from the room, leaving him behind her.

"Do not cry, Ailsa," Peter Lennox said more gently; "you shall want for nothing. But we must bring that girl to her senses. A few weeks at Strathnarn will quickly put an end to all this false heroism of hers, and everything will come right again. Having made the threat, I must follow it up."

"I wish that I lay safe by Charlie's side!" sobbed the helpless lady, and her grim, stern brother-in-law liked her all the better for her weakness and dependence on him.

CHAPTER XL.

Lady Rayner was very kind to her unexpected visitors. She consoled Lady Ailsa and she encouraged Beatrix.

"It is a terrible thing to do in the eyes of the world, but you have done well. I wish," she said, "that I had been as firm as you, Trixie! I should not be the wretched woman that I am now."

Beatrix answered sadly—

"I feel that I have done right, but, Leola, it is a terrible thing to fly in the face of the world as I am doing. There is one thing I wish especially, and that is that you will not let Beltran know about this family disagreement. He would be so very unhappy. I have written to him to say that I shall not be able to see him for the next few days, but that I will write when I have time. He would be so miserable over this wretched business, but now he will know nothing of it until we are at Strathnarn."

Lady Rayner looked at her in wonder.

"So you are really going to marry Beltran Carew?" she said. "I envy you, Trixie. It is seldom, after all, that a girl marries the man she loves."

So it was settled between them that Beltran should know nothing of what had happened. Lady Rayner pressed her friend to remain with her. There should be a home, she said, for herself and for her mother as long as they would stay. Beatrix thanked her warmly, but, knowing the temper of Lord Rayner, she would not accept the kindly invitation. They merely remained with her while their trunks were packed and a servant sent down with a host of necessaries to Strathnarn.

Lady Ailsa made no pretence of returning her brother-in-law's gifts; she took with her the dresses, jewels, ornaments, and money that he had given her. Not so Beatrix—she would have none of her uncle's presents. She packed together diamonds, rubies, and pearls, beautiful coral, superb sapphires, ornaments of gold and silver, the tiny jewelled watch, the rich dresses of velvet, of satin, and lace—all the things that he had at various times bestowed upon her, and told her maid to hand them to him; and when he saw them he could not help admiring his niece's spirit.

"What fire the girl has!" he said to him. "I am vexed and annoyed, but I cannot help admiring her. How superbly honest she is! Every little trinket is here—and women love trinkets so well. What a duchess she would have made!"

He said no more, but locked up all the jewels, and they were not seen again for some time.

The hour came for leaving the luxurious mansion of Lady Rayner, and once again Lady Ailsa's strength gave way. Weeping she clung to her daughter, and could not be satisfied. When the storm of tears had passed, she said—

"Beatrix, I am sure you will repent it, my dear—I am sure you will."

"No one should repent of doing what is right, mamma," she said. "How can I repent?"

"It cannot be right," cried the poor lady, "to leave your uncle after all his goodness to us. Oh, Trixie, my dear, be like other girls! Do not be so romantic, so foolish, so unreasonable. Send for the kind good Duke, and make us happy."

She was very patient with her poor complaining mother; she knelt by her side, and took her hand in hers.

"Darling," she said, "if any one asked me to tell a deliberate, wilful falsehood, would anything bribe you to let me do it?"

"No, certainly not, Trixie—you know nothing would."

"If any one wanted me to take a false oath, would you let me do it?"

"No, Trixie, of course not."

"Yet you wish me to say that I love the Duke, when I do not love him. You wish me to vow to love, honor, and obey a man whom I do not love. I could not utter such words, my dear mother."

"You put matters in such a strange light, Beatrix; no one else would think of such things."

"But you do make a solemn vow when you are married, mamma, do you not? I have never read the words of the marriage service but once, yet it seems to me that I have never read words more solemn."

"Of course it is a very solemn vow; but people do not talk about it in that way; it is not like an oath in a court of justice, you know."

"I shall never take it but once," said Beatrix; "and then it will be when I stand before the altar with the one man I love. I have been long enough in the world, mamma, to see what becomes of false views. Look at Lady Rayner—beautiful, unhappy Lady Rayner."

"Well, my dear," returned Lady Ailsa, with some little impatience, "as you say, look at Lady Rayner. She has the finest diamonds in England; every one admits that she is one of the richest women in London; she has everything on earth that she can desire."

"She has, mamma; but her husband is such that she never has one gleam of happiness. He drinks, he beats her, he shouts and swears at her—I have heard him, mamma. She is delicate and weak, and she is afraid of him. Would you like such a marriage as that for me, mamma?"

"No, my dear," replied Lady Lennox in a subdued tone; "but there is such a difference between Lord Rayner and the Duke of Heathland."

"I know it, mamma—a wide difference; but my principle is the same for all cases. Who was ever kinder than Lord Castleton to his wife? Yet she ran away and left him, after making him wretched for years, because she had married him without loving him. My darling mother, be true to your own pure, sweet instinct, and tell me, is it not better a thousand times to marry for love than to marry for money?"

"Yes, certainly. I have never wished you to marry for money, Beatrix. You do represent things so strangely, my dear."

"Then you will try and be cheerful, mamma, and believe that I will endeavor to make you happy, will you not? If any one sought to take you away from my father—if it had been said to you, 'He is only a colonel, and you may marry an earl'—would you have given him up?"

"My dearest Beatrix, your father had an estate."

"Did you marry him for the estate, mamma?"

"No; I married him because I loved him."

"Then, mamma, let me do likewise. Let me marry my lover because I love him—and I am very proud of loving him. Let me be happy as you were."

"I cannot argue with you Beatrix. You are right, my dear; you ought to be happy as I have been. I will say no more; I will not complain. You have a right to the happiness of your young life, as I had to mine."

The girl kissed her mother in a rapture of delight and gratitude.

"Thank you a thousand times!" she said. "It requires only that to make me one of the happiest girls in the kingdom. You will try to like Beltran, mamma, will you not, just as you wished every one to like my father? You will not blame us? There is a higher happiness, darling, than that which money gives. Beltran will soon be able to provide a pretty home for me, and you shall share it; you shall be mistress, and we will be your children. You will like that, mamma?"

"I shall like it, Trixie," confessed the gentle lady. She could not hold out any longer to the happiness that shone in her daughter's face. She clasped the girl in her arms. "I hope you will be happy, Trixie, and I trust Mr. Carew will appreciate the sacrifice you have made for him."

Beatrix answered her with a bright gay laugh.

"You may be quite sure of one thing, mamma," she said—"I shall never count the cost of my love."

On the next day they started for Strathnarn; and Beatrix would not let her mother's spirit fail. She took great care of her during the journey; she kept her so interested that she had no time for lamentation.

It was night when they drove once more up to the old Grange at Strathnarn, and then Lady Ailsa's courage failed her, and she wept bitterly.

* * * * *

Peter Lennox did not feel very happy. It was true that he had a right to please himself; his money was his own, the fruit of long industry and toil. He might leave it as he would—there was no law which said his money must go to his brother's child. She had most grievously offended him; she had defied him, and refused to obey him; she had wrecked the fair fabric of his dreams; she had spoiled the hope of his life—so he had hardened his heart against her, and he would have no more to do with her. He said to himself that she was quite unworthy—that he would forget her. But it was not so easy to do so. The house was haunted by her; in every room he fancied he saw the beautiful face and graceful figure; he heard Beatrix's voice wherever he went; and whatever he did her presence haunted him. No words could tell how he missed the gentle influence of the two ladies—Lady Ailsa's quiet rule, the bright animation of his niece. Nothing seemed to be right. The house was always in confusion. The servants looked reproachfully at him. Nothing was ever as he wished; the rooms had a deserted, solitary look. He was miserable. Why could she not have yielded? Peter Lennox was more unhappy than he had ever been in his life before. He almost wished that he had never seen his niece; then he should not have missed her so terribly. He was not quite without hope though. He said to himself that a few weeks at Strathnarn would show her what it was to defy him, and lose a fortune for the sake of a mere foolish caprice.

CHAPTER XLI.

A week had passed since Lady Ailsa and her daughter had reached Strathnarn. It was all just as they had left it. Faithful old Margaret reigned over the Grange. Her wonder was great at seeing them return, although she had been prepared for it; and it had all come about, she discovered, because her young lady would not marry a Duke, a great nobleman who was "dying" for her. To think that, after the rich uncle had come all that way, after promising to leave all his money to Miss Lennox, he should send them back again! It was just the way of the world. And Margaret, who had a natural shrewdness of her own, despite the solitary life she led, soon saw one thing very plainly; and that was, that, if Lady Lennox remained there long, she would die—she could never live in that bleak solitude after the luxury of London.

Nothing troubled the faithful old servant more than that. As for her young mistress, she might as well talk as brightly as she would about the sunshine and the pure air, the mountains, the lakes, and the heather—Margaret saw through it all. She talked because she was down-hearted and did not like to say so. That was Margaret's view, and she was not perhaps so wrong, after all.

There were times when Beatrix could have fancied her life in London all a dream—when she could have believed that she had lain down amongst the heather by the lake-side and seen it all in a vision. But the ring on her finger convinced her of the reality—that and the love in her heart. She had always loved Strathnarn, but it seemed small now. The Grange seemed to have shrunk, the little rooms were narrower and darker. She looked round the sitting-room with its deep bay-windows, and wondered if it was possible that so much of her life had been spent there, and she had wanted nothing more. There was the old stone gateway, with its flowers and lichens, the ruined fountain, the wall flowers, the fallen stones all covered with moss—everything looked as though she and her mother had quitted the place but yesterday. There lay the deep shining loch, the mountain gorge, the deep ravine, the great solitary moors where the heather bloomed, the oft shining light, the blue lines of the endless sea.

"I was happy here before," said Beatrix—"I can be happy here again." But still everything was different. It was not that she loved nature less, but art more. She had been wont to spend whole days on the loch, content with singing her own songs, thinking her own thoughts, wondering what the world was like; and now she knew. She had been slightly contemptuous about men and the world they lived in. She had discovered a hero since then, and for his sake she thought better of all men. She had found the world pleasant; it seemed to be full of music and perfume and brightness. The lakes and mountains were none the less fair, but she missed the bright active life of London, the constant change, the society, and new characters and scenes. She missed the balls where she had been flattered and admired; she missed the bright, harmonious hours that passed so swiftly; she missed, above all, the intellectual companionship, the interchange of thoughts. For the absence of worldly luxuries she cared little.

She did not miss Beltran; he was so continually present with her, his love so completely filled her life, that she seemed to be with him. Every little pain too was a source of infinite pleasure to her, because it was submitted to for his sake. She was grieved and distressed only about her mother. She devoted herself so entirely to her that it was difficult for Lady Ailsa to realise the full change. Yet, think about it as they would, talk as cheerfully as they would, try to make the best of it as they would, there was still a terrible blank, a sense of terrible misfortune that nothing could lessen.

Beatrix wrote to her lover, and told him what had happened.

"I regret it," she said, "only for my mother's sake. As for myself, I am pleased, as it proves two things—one is the depth of my love for you, the other that you value me and not my fortune. You must not picture me to yourself as pining away here in exile, but as being happy in my thoughts of you."

She wrote so bravely, so cheerfully, that Beltran could not grieve over the news.

Yet mother and daughter did pine in the solitude of Strathnarn. Peter Lennox had purposely refrained from offering his sister-in-law any money at present. The few pounds that she had were expended in traveling expenses and in purchasing a few indispensable articles. The millionnaire was resolved that his relatives should again know what living on one hundred per annum meant. He was sorry for Lady Ailsa, but Beatrix must be punished. "She had shown very little appreciation," he thought to himself, "of the value of money; now let her suffer the consequences." Hard indeed they were, and would have been unendurable but for Beatrix's hopeful, animated nature. The delicate hands that had shone with jewels, the rounded arms that had been admired so greatly, were busied now in a hundred domestic offices, and Lady Lennox lived on her daughter's smiles and bright pictures of the future.

"You know, mamma," she would say, "there are few so clever as Beltran. He will be Lord Chancellor some day, and I shall be his wife. We shall go to some grand party given by some distinguished person, and there we shall meet my uncle. How astonished he would be when he hears Beltran called 'your lordship,' and sees the highest and most gifted proud to bow to him! Then he'll be very anxious to be friends with me, and I shall forgive him all that he has done. We shall laugh about it, you will see, mamma."

"I hope so, my dear," responded the patient lady—"I do hope so."

But there were days when, struggle as they would, Beatrix felt dull. She never wavered in her decision, she never repented of it; but there were days when she was unhappy, when the solitude oppressed her as it had never done before, when she longed for the sound of human voices, when she longed, above all, for the presence of Beltran. He would have followed her to Strathnarn but that a most important lawsuit detained him in London, and he could not leave until it was over. He wrote to her constantly, and his letters were the next best thing to himself.

Beatrix had no cause to complain of a dearth of letters. She had plenty; but they were all of one kind—reproaching, upbraiding, wondering. No one approved except Lady Rayner. The Duchess professed to be too angry to write.

"It was wicked," she said, "to throw away such a future. For my own part, I must beg to express my most decided disapproval."

Mrs. Carden wrote also, but her letter was simply satirical. No one vouchsafed a kind word except Lady Rayner.

There was a great sensation in London amongst the friends who had loved the brilliant young heiress—indeed for many days she formed almost the only topic of conversation. The millionnaire had quarrelled with his niece and had destroyed his will—had refused to speak to her again, and she had gone back to the solitude from which he had taken her.

Many were very sorry for her, for many had admired the frank honest candor with which she had always spoken; many men who had admired her greatly began to hope that there might be a chance of winning her now that she was no longer a great heiress; many admirers thought to themselves that they would follow her to Strathnarn.

Beltran Carew had hastened with the news to his mother. She listened in wonder.

"Beltran," she said, "knowing the world as I do, I am surprised at your good fortune. You are indeed a most lucky young man."

"That I am in winning my beautiful Beatrix," he acknowledged, "but surely not in helping to ruin all her worldly prospects," he said. "She has lost her fortune through me."

"But what love, what disinterestedness! How dearly she must love you, Beltran! I have never met with such love. Such a fortune to surrender! Mr. Lennox is a millionnaire, is he not?"

"Yes; but what a cruelty to punish my darling for loving me! What a man!"

Mrs. Carew sighed deeply, and then she looked earnestly at her son.

"Beltran," she asked, "do you think that Mr. Lennox will persist in disinheriting his niece because she loves you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am quite sure that he will. Beatrix is firm, but her firmness pales before his."

"I call it obstinacy," cried Mr. Carew impatiently. "I would not paint that man's portrait for a thousand guineas, Beltran!"

"Yet he has a fine face," said Beltran thoughtfully.

"And a fine heart! Do not talk about him, my dear; his conduct incenses me. Beltran, you must go to Strathnarn and bring Miss Lennox back. She must come here and live with me, and her mother too. I have room for both."

"You are all that is kind, mother," he said; "but Miss Lennox, as you call her, is proud; she would be very grateful to you, I am quite sure, but she would not come. She will live at Strathnarn until I have a home ready for her."

"What is Mr. Lennox's objection to you, Beltran?" she asked, holding her head very high and speaking in a tone her son well understood.

"He has many objections, mother. He says, what is true, that I have no money; also that I have no pedigree."

Mrs. Carew's comely head went up higher still.

"And who, pray, has told him that? How does he know that you have no pedigree?"

"I suppose he guesses it," replied Beltran, with a smile. "I have no pedigree, mother—I have never heard you speak of my father's or my grandfather."

Her face clouded with somewhat of a sullen expression.

"I did not love your father, Beltran," she said, with a little impatient tap of her foot.

"That was his loss, mother," returned her son.

"It was his own fault," she said gravely. "I will not talk about him; but your pedigree is quite as good as that of the girl whom you love, Beltran. You can tell Mr. Lennox that."

"My dear mother, what would be the good of it? He would not believe me; and, if I had a pedigree five rolls of parchment long, it would make no difference—not the least in the world. I have no wealth."

Mrs. Carew was thinking deeply.

"Beltran," she said, "do you think that Miss Lennox will persevere in her sacrifice?"

"I do, mother," he replied.

"We will wait a few weeks and see if she does," said Mrs. Carew. "I repeat that you will be one of the most fortunate men in the world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fashions in Jewelry.

Centuries before the birth of Christ a Hindoo poet sang of the merits of precious stones, and the belles of Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Mexico and Peru as warmly appreciated jewelry, as did Mme. de Montespan, Mme du Barry, and other notable women, who spent their own substance and other people's substance, too, in acquiring it. So lavish were the Romans in their use of gems, that a law had to be passed prohibiting their being employed on harness, and in England the passion for them reached its height in Elizabeth and James I. reigns. But it is with present fashions, not with those of the past, that we have now to do, though by recalling the past, we are in good truth illustrating the present, for scarcely anything but the revival of old forms and fashions find favor. The tombs of Pompeii have furnished some of the best designs in gold work, and now there is a decided preference for Scandinavian models. Much of the ancient jewelry displayed in the museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, has been reproduced by Danish as well as English jewelers, more particularly those specimens appertaining to the bronze age. Many of the curious borderings in scrolls, close set lines, and tooth work, are copied from the early knives found in Scandinavian tombs. The clasp of a sword and hatchet from the same sources have served as models for shawl and other brooches, after the order of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish brooches of fibulæ, and of very advanced workmanship. How soon we learned to profit by these designs it is now difficult to say, but from Edward III. to Henry V. reign, gold, silver and gilt brooches were forbidden to be worn by all persons under the degree of a knight.

A very favorite form of bangle is a rope-like twist, united by two sets of small coils (originally found in a Scandinavian tomb); and a magnificent golden casket, of great antiquity, found on the Island of Bornholm, has furnished designs for shawl pins, pendent brooches and circular amulets, attached to rings, and set in a bordering of goldwork, inclosing quaintly devised figures and heads, after the character of Nineveh remains. We have seen such amulets applied to necklets with much success. Another Scandinavian revival is their ancient wedding-ring, of plain gold, with the same twisted border, meeting in the centre, but not uniting, thus leaving room for the finger to grow, as it is apt to do when years roll on.

Bracelets are either very broad or very narrow, therefore the newest porte bonheurs are sold in sets of three, each a narrow band, set on with pearls, one with turquoise, one with diamonds. Others have three lines of smaller gems, set obliquely, such as sapphires and diamonds, emeralds and diamonds, rubies and diamonds. Very beautiful are the half-hoop bracelets of brilliants, with claw setting of single stones, and the marquise bracelets, having a lozenge of gems set after the form of the marquise rings, this is one of the newest kinds of bracelets, and divides the fashion with the serpent bracelets, which appear to be creeping up the arm, and are studded from head to tail with precious stones.

Opals mix most happily with diamonds; so does pale pink coral. Some new earrings and pendants are of the ball shape in opals and diamonds. Cat's-eyes are much in request, and diamonds, and indeed all gems, are frequently set in most antique styles. Small lizards, holding a spray of natural flowers, are of the newest fashions, and are worn on the side of the bodice and in the hair. The same lizards in enamel are applied in the same way, and also to fasten bonnet strings.

The barbaric style in jewelry was never more in favor, and crimson enamel is one of the revivals in which fashionable dames love to array themselves; as also in any kind of Indian jewelry, those, especially the Swami, having large figures in relief. For day wear silver has almost entirely superceded gold; but those patterns, especially in bracelets, are being produced in the more costly metal.

Brooches are worn small, lockets large. In earrings single rings attached to a hook, oval loops surmounted by three balls, a crescent held by a knot, three swinging loops, Grecian pierced wings, Etruscan rams' heads, and swinging pendants seem the latest conceits. The crosses are of every form known in Christendom, and are always worn as ornaments. Lockets are either jewels or display monograms, bees, and stars. In bracelets, the greatest novelty is the much-advertised Talisman, which is elastic, being cut in one piece, without clasp of any kind to adjust itself to the wrist. Another novelty is a broad flexible band, with a diamond on each segment.

The gipsy is the most fashionable form of ring just now. A ring pendant has been introduced which contains three gem rings, movable at pleasure; so that, besides the rings, there is an ornament for the neck. Any and every form of antique ring has been revived—sacerdotal and others—and many which beautiful women now wear have a history which would surprise them.

The necklaces we borrow from Egypt, Italy and India. The more collar-like, the more fashionable; but just at present, rows of pearl, at all events for young ladies, are the rage. In old times, in France, they were always considered the correct jewelry for maids of honor. Mme. de Montespan had, perhaps, the finest known, and she is represented wearing them in all her portraits, their value being beyond price.

Among the newest gems are the star sapphires and star rubies, cloudy in appearance, and lacking the fire of the ordinary stone, but inclosing a filmy star—the more perfect, the more valuable the stone. In diamonds there is just now a particularly large display of valuable stones. They are set with claw setting in clusters, so that the setting is invisible. Many of the bracelets widen in the centre and diminish at the sides, being throughout one mass of gems; others have diamond centres, oval, or star-like, set in a gold band. Diamond stars and tiaras are still worn in the hair, tiaras in many instances being deftly contrived to form into smaller pieces when desired. Birds, with outspread wings, having single-set pearls forming the tail, which vibrates at every movement, is a modern idea. The diamond pendants and lockets, as now worn, are very lovely. Among others much admired was a cluster of diamonds surrounding a black pearl. Many have diamond fringes appended, the oval form being most in favor, as it is for diamond earrings, save where a single stone, clusters, or a diamond star is selected. A verbal description of the several forms would convey but little to the mind; hence we speak in generalities.

It is a most mortifying reflection of any man to compare what he has done with what he might have done.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish and send us another of their unique collection of foreign authors, being No. XL of the series. It is called Salar-Hadji, or Russ and Turcoman, from the French of Prince Lubomirski, and is a work of brilliancy and power. 80 pages, paper; price 40 cents.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also publish "Homer," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, one of the Literature Primer series. This is an able and masterly critique of the author of "Iliad and Odyssey," and there is a vast amount of concentrated scholarship in this pocket volume. 18mo; price 25 cents.

The same firm publish R. W. Dale's "Impressions of America." They are the views of an Englishman who tries to be just as he can regarding our merits and defects, and his criticism is very fair. Paper; price 25 cents.

All the above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, publish Ralph Waldo Emerson's lecture, "The Fortune of the Republic," in a neat volume of 44 pages, bound in fine cloth. It is a unique and brilliant ... of the unique thought of the great New England thinker. Price 50 cents. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, publish "The Rector's Wife, or the Valley of a Hundred Fires," a story of [illegible] country life. This book has a moral tone throughout and is interesting. Red vellum black and gold; price $1.

The same firm publish "A Heart Twice Won," by Elizabeth Van Loon. The story is pure as well as passionate.

The same firm also publish Henry Greville's new book, "Savéli's Expiation," a picture of Russian despotism in the time of serfdom. It is a pathetic love story.

We have received from the American News Co., of N. Y., "Almond-Eyed," a story of the day, by Atwell Whitney, with 17 full page illustrations. There is a moral and a vein of humor in the little volume. It is the great Chinese question in a new shape.

MAGAZINES.

The Southern Law Review for August-September, 1878, published bi-monthly by G. I. Jones & Co., of St. Louis, contains nine valuable papers of interest to the profession. There is an interesting article on Lord Eldon which will interest all readers. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and is very thoroughly edited. $5 per annum, in advance; single numbers $1.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for August is a good number, full of fine cuts and useful hints on gardening and housewifery.

Mr. W. B. Zieber, of this city, has our thanks for copies of the *British Quarterly Review* and *Edinburgh Review* for July, which contain valuable articles. These old-established periodicals are republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, and are in every respect worthy of their remarkable reputation.

MUSIC.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., of Boston, send us the following music: "When Emma Waits," by C. D. Blake, in one sharp; easy and pretty; price 35 cents. "Mattie's Gone Away," song and chorus, by J. W. Brand, in three flats. Four numbers of a series called "The Germans," a choice collection of music arranged for the violin, piano, cornet, &c., containing Clayton's Grand March, "Indian Mail Galop," and "Prince Imperial Galop." The same firm publish "The Leading Star Waltz," by C. C. Clay; "Will You Remember Me," song, by H. P. Danks; "Oh, De Darkey's Home Am Lovely," song, by G. W. Alexander; "Silvery Moonbeams," mazourka sentimental, by F. B. Ryder.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Perseverance is the best school for every manly virtue.

No vices are so incurable as those that men glory in.

Many are willing to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

Misery leads to despair, aggrandizement to presumption.

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend.

In every human countenance is either a history or a prophecy.

Happiness only begins when wishes end, for then content comes.

The world is up hill when we would do, down-hill when we suffer.

We give nothing so generously, receive nothing so reluctantly, as advice.

Trust not those who, when alone in your room, will turn over your papers.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter the breach.

The rich are envied more by those who have a little than by those who have nothing.

Riches are given to make life pass comfortably; but life is not given only to amass them.

A philosopher should be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.

Envy is fixed only on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

The discovery of truth and the practice of right are the two most important objects in life.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

Little troubles wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather.

The idle should not be classed as living; they are a sort of dead men who are not fit to be buried.

He who can irritate you when he likes, is your master. You may turn rebel by being patient.

No one living in society can be independent. The world fawns upon you or destroys you.

There are many subjects to be wise or witty upon, and as many to be ignorant or foolish about.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1878.

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MISCELLANY.

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"BASHFUL NELL," by P. H. D., will be found an entertaining narrative.

"CASQUE AND GLOVE," by Hale Lewison, is an able, well written, and effective serial.

CHARLES NOEL, the well known writer of graphic stories, will contribute his best efforts during the coming season.

"THE YELLOWSTONE" and "The White Mountains" are perfect pictures. The POST offers them as premiums for subscriptions.

IT is to be hoped that the rumors afloat that the general depression which has so long afflicted the community, is to be relieved, are true, and that better times are in store for all of us.

IN fiction writing sensationalism is giving place to quieter and at the same time more emphatic art. It is no longer necessary to dwell on horrors to captivate the reader. It requires greater art to depict situations which require a subtlety of character drawing and passion. Refinement is the order of the day in literature and in other things.

A WRITER says: "Comic writers may be divided into two classes—the brilliant ones, and the reliable ones; and it is very rare to find in one person a combination of the characteristics belonging to these respectively." The editor of "Facetiæ," however, is a combination of both species—the brilliant and reliable, and his work is largely copied and enjoyed by all.

To us at his best the man of to-day must have lived in brief the highest life of each stage of the progress of the race. In fact, as well as poetry, he is heir of all the ages. If he misses any portion of his inheritance, his nature will lack so much of its fullest, richest, roundest development. Culture is incomplete if it misses the compensating strength and beauty and light.

THERE is a crying want of wholesome literature adapted to the rising generation of the working population. Who will supply it? The POST meets all wants of individuals who really desire this literature. It possesses the pen and the ability of the ready writer. It deems it a duty to foster and forward the tastes of the younger readers. In writing for children it is necessary to take up our pen and let the test of what is written for them be the standard of what one may read to a boy from one of our large public schools, or a girl out of a carefully managed schoolroom; for be sure if they would make fun of your work it is no more fit for the village child than for them.

THERE is talk of economizing the forces of nature—of using Niagara's cataract to run mills, and of utilizing the ebb and flow of old ocean. If half the natural mental and moral energy of men were converted into practical power, it would be a better thing. Too many of us are thrust in grooves from which there is no escape, and energy and talent sicken and die. Let the philanthropists of society stimulate the mental and moral natures of mankind, and rescue from living graves the youth whom society does not as yet understand. When this is done, it will be time to talk of other powers and forces; for as man is the best work of nature, he, being freed from conventionalities, can enslave all other forces and make them supremely his own.

"THE Athenæum," that great oracle of taste respecting English art and literature, has condescended to commend that brilliant novel of Mr. Henry James, Jr., The American, in a very flattering way. The truth is, that Mr. James writes according to the highest dictates of literary art, and is therefore justly appreciated in a country where culture has reached its culmination. Quiet humor, fine style, and natural and calm delineation of character work greater wonders than the forced and sensational style, which are, unfortunately, too much in vogue in America. There is a deep romance in our every-day American life which needs only to be interpreted by some kindred spirit in language to suit the mass, and it will be appreciated. Theatrical sensationalism has had its day here, and is only a matter of burlesque abroad.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

The matter of discipline has been absolutely shirked in almost all the endless essays, speeches, and leading articles on education, of which the public has lately had a pretty full dose. It will probably have to be faced sooner or later, especially as the strain upon teachers is continually becoming more severe. The outrage of some brutal schoolmaster every few years, strikes a panic into society on the question of corporeal discipline. When discipline is lax and schools large, these schools will produce prize boys and girls, and exemplars who may work from their own impulses, and who are really good for nothing. Dr. Arnold Rugby labored hard, earnestly and honestly with unpromising subjects, and he says in a sentence, which ought to be written in letters of gold, on many a school wall: "My duty is to produce boys and girls who will not be vanquished in examination."

All will admit that patience with children is a master's duty, but no parent has a right to expect that an instructor who owes the duty of education to many, should waste his own time and that of his best pupils in explaining, re-explaining, and eternally recalling the vagrant inattention of the worst. Some parents would willingly make a man, whose time and intellect are valuable, the mere slave of the caprices of their children, rather than allow those caprices to be properly and justly corrected.

The trouble is, that parents leave their children too much in the guidance of paid teachers, who do not understand these very caprices which are the source of so much trouble. After a certain age every boy and girl knows, to a certain extent, his or her capacity, and endeavors to follow it. If it is a natural bent it will avail nothing unless brought into perfect action by the use of discipline. There has nothing ever been gained in this world's work by mere impulse, but natural impulse, guided by the influence of good, efficient and appreciative teachers, of whom there are many in our midst, will work wonders.

SANCTUM CHAT.

BEFORE Paris became mistress of modes, Milan prescribed the model for bonnet; hence the name milliner for the fabricator of the crowning glory of well dressed womanhood.

WHOEVER by any physiological or psychological juggling turns man into a machine, reduces the moral world to a chaos. To show that there is no self-determining power is to abrogate not only religion, but all that makes us respect ourselves or others.

BORINGS into the alluvial deposits of the Nile have proved the existence of man in that valley more than thirty thousand years ago, as estimated by the known rate of deposit of the alluvium of the Nile. Considerations as to the origin and spread of languages also seem to require a much greater antiquity for the human race than has been popularly allowed, and geologists have always claimed myriads of years as required for the sedimentary formation of the globe.

THE improvements that have within the last quarter of a century been almost daily introduced into surgical science, are so numerous, so complex, and so varied in character, that to properly understand them requires concentration of thought and study. Even in the profession of medicine, unless the doctors make surgery a specialty, unless he devotes his whole attention to the subject, unless he carefully reads all the best medical literature, and, above all, the general literature of the day, he cannot properly estimate the enlightened practice of our times, as compared with that of days gone by.

AT the Paris Exhibition there are a number of plaster casts taken from living people, which are among the curiosities of the Russian section. They are female figures; one lies slightly turned upon her side, her lips parted in a smile, as though she were striving to suppress a laugh. Another, who has much the finest form, lies face downward, her feet crossed, and her head pillowed on her folded arms as though she had thrown herself down to go to sleep. The minutest details are very perfectly reproduced. The process by which these figures are cast is still a secret, but it is certainly a wonderful and curious discovery.

THE history of iron is the history of civilization. The rough, shapeless ore that lies hidden in the earth folds in its unlovely bosom such fate and fortune as the haughtier sheen of silver, gleam of gold and sparkle of diamonds may illustrate but are wholly impotent to create. Subtle in thought, rejoicing in power, no touch is too delicate for its perception, no service too mighty for its strength. Tales of faerie, feats of magic pale before the simple story of its every day labor, or find in its deeds, the facts which they but faintly shadowed forth. And waiting upon its transformation, a tribe becomes a nation, a race of savages develop into a community of philosophers, artists and gentlemen.

THOSE who sit down to a pleasant game of cards scarcely realize the fact that so many centuries have passed since those pictured bits of pasteboard first furnished amusement to the human race. Far away in the times of unwritten history the Chinese, Hindoos, and Arabs were making their different combinations of a war like game, bearing many relations to its sister, chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of the oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for a victory, under the command of a king, a vizier, and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of these inventions, from thence they passed on to India about 1120, and were soon adopted by the Arabs, and then after the fourteenth century became popular throughout Europe.

THE Chinese it seems have started a large drug and patent medicine establishment of their own in this country, where their curious potions and powders are to be manufactured by the wholesale. Chief among the specifics and cure-alls of that strange race are the famous red pills, called by them luig pao you-y tan—the supernatural treasure for all diseases. These are true homoeopathic globules, scarcely of the bigness of a pin's head, and the dose is from two to two dozen, according to the requirements of the patient. In Pekin they enjoy a prodigious celebrity, and are unanimously extolled as a universal panacea, warranted to cure the most intricate Celestial diseases.

THE Turk's religion is a compound of faith and fatalism, sprinkled occasionally with due precaution. There is an instance of this fatalism. When Captain Burnaby was at Kars the streets were in such a filthy condition, owing to the sewage of the town being thrown in front of the buildings, that the hospitals were full of typhoid fever, and cholera was anticipated, and yet neither soldiers nor inhabitants would stir a finger to remove the source of their miseries out of the streets; the soldiers declaring that they were not scavengers, and the inhabitants making some other excuse. When warned of the consequences, each took refuge in "Kismet," or fate. Allah was great and able to perform miracles. If Allah saw fit there would be no cholera, although their streets were reeking with the seeds of disease.

NATURE is always as varied as beautiful. Thousands of strange forms sport under the shadows of the brown waving sea weeds or among the delicate scarlet fronds of the dulse, which is found in the little ponds that the inequalities of the beach have retained. It is down among the great boulders which the Atlantic piles upon our coast that we may find endless varieties of life to fill the aquarium, though not those more gorgeous hues which distinguish the tenants of the coral reefs or tropical shores. Yet even here Nature is absolutely infinite; and we shall find ourselves day after day imitating that botanist who, walking through the same path for months found always a new plant which had before escaped his notice. So, too, in exploring the open sea, besides the pleasure of sailing along a variegated coast with sun and blue water, we have the constant excitement of unexpected discovery, for as often as we pull up the dredge some new wonder is revealed.

ARCHITECTURE, though groping backward through the Middle Ages in search of Gothic forms, has offered nothing unfamiliar, but the arts of decorative adornments have been brought back to their medieval estate, and in furniture and wall painting and needlework half the women of one's acquaintance are specialists employing with nice discrimination terms of which they knew not the rudimentary meaning some years ago. To restore and revive, rather than invent, has been the motto of an increasing and influential minority of poets, painters, architects and decorators. Modern medievalism accordingly refuses to throw away the old until it proves the new. It likes the two candles in Queen Elizabeth's chapel-altar better than the gloom of an abbey destroyed by Vandals and abandoned to the bats. It prefers Raphael's Madonna to the goriest French battle piece. It chooses a Japanese fire-screen in preference to a new fashioned coal-stove. It would rather read the Decameron than the morning newspaper. This medievalism has much in it to challenge admiration. Its disciples aim to combine the unworldliness and naturalness of the older day with the wealth of resource and mechanical accuracy of the present. If they succeed, the twentieth century will perceive that they have done tenfold more good than ill.

THE experienced tourist is well aware that the worst aspect in which any European capital can be seen, is when it is laboring under the pressure of some unusual excitement, or thronged with strangers, who contribute nothing to the conditions of its natural life. Paris, in particular, possesses less of its peculiar charm and is more unlike itself during overcrowded periods than at any other time; but it is nevertheless certain that the recurrence of the International Exposition this year will attract legions of visitors whose inclination for foreign travel might never have been actively aroused except by some such practical appeal to their curiosity. Thousands of Americans will cross the Atlantic for the first time in their expectation of combining in one spot, and in a few weeks, the advantages which, in ordinary seasons, could only be obtained at the cost of a pilgrimage of months or years. It is not very probable that this expectation will be realized to any extent; a few hundred representatives from various countries do not constitute nations any more than carefully picked selections of artistic and mechanical products properly exhibit the habits and condition of the people for whose works they may have been chosen, but whether futile or not, it is rather largely indulged in, and will have the effect of swelling all manner of foreign business, if nothing else.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Countless inventions have been made by man without his having any knowledge of the fact that the machine which in its first idea, sprang from a single brain, and was afterwards during the progress of time slowly improved and perfected, perhaps by many successive generations of inventors, had been in use in nature in a more perfect form than art could accomplish, for ages before man existed on the earth. There is scarcely a principle or a part in architecture that has not its natural parallel—walls, floors, towers, doors and hinges, porches, eaves and windows; thatch, slates and tiles, girders, ties and buttresses, bridges, dams, the pyramid, and even mortar, paint and varnish, are all there. The Eskimo snow house is an exact copy of the dwelling the seal builds for her tender young; the wasp's nest is composed of several stories supported on numerous pillars. The well known instance of the building of the London Crystal Palace on a so-called new principle, is one of the many cases where man has confessedly copied nature in art; for that beautiful structure of iron and glass is simply an adaptation of the framework of the enormous leaves of the Victoria regia plant, which, owing to its formation, combines great strength with great apparent fragility. The present Eddystone lighthouse, which has so long withstood the force of the waves, was constructed in 1759 by Smeaton on an entirely new idea, the model being taken from a tree trunk, and the stones of which it was built being strengthened by being dovetailed into one another, as is the case with the sutures of the skull.

The study of the eye of man, as well as of birds, quadrupeds and insects, has shown how the most beautiful and gradually improved inventions, such as the telescope, microscope, pseudoscope, stereoscope, multiplying glass, etc., had been perfected in nature for ages. By the combination of a few prisms and a magnifying glass, is produced that most wonderful of all optical instruments, the spectroscope, which equally reveals to us the constituents of the light of the most distant stars or the coloring matter of the tiniest leaf; and yet the prismatic colors developed by this wonderful instrument have existed equally within the glorious arch of the rainbow and in the smallest dew-drop as it glitters in the rising sun, since the sun first shone and the rain first fell.

In the arts of peace, we must look to the animal world for the most perfect specimens of tools for digging, cutting or boring. No spade is equal to the foot of the mole; and our hammers and pincers look clumsy indeed beside the woodpecker's beak or the lobster's claw. Moreover, the dwellings in the construction of which such tools are employed, are models of beauty and ingenuity. Symmetrically shaped pottery made of moulded mud or clay is found in nature in the form of birds' and insects' nests; in the jaws of the skate is found the crushing mill, and in the tooth of the elephant the grindstone. In the ichneumon fly and the grasshopper was perfected from the first the modern agricultural improvement on the hand-dibble, the seed-drill. It is only of late that the use of the teasel for fulling cloth has been superseded by machinery; and brushes and combs, buttons, hooks, eyes, stoppers, filters, etc., are all found in nature.

The principle of the diving bell and air tube exists in varieties of insects; birds make beds and hammocks, and even sew; and the bower bird emulates us in the construction of ornamental bowers and gardens. Graceful fans exist in plants and insects, cisterns in the traveler's tree and the camel's stomach, and natural examples of the balloon and parachute.

In other varieties of art, nature has stolen a march on man. Certain insects make paper of different textures; the art known as nature printing was anticipated in the coal-measures. Star stippling, as now used in engraving to produce extra softness of effect, exists in utmost perfection in every flower-petal. The caddis worm, common in fresh waters, constructs for itself a circular window grating which admits the water and yet protects the pupa from injury, an apparatus exactly like the wheel windows of a Gothic building. There is a bird in South Africa, the sociable weaver bird, which may be looked upon as a dweller in cities, each pair, up to the number of perhaps three hundred, building its own nest, while the whole community unite to form a common roof or covering of thatch made from a coarse kind of grass, to protect their habitations from the heavy tropical rains. The driver ants, also found in Africa, are so sensitive to the fierce heat of the sun, that when on their marches they are obliged to cross any open ground, they construct as they go a slight gallery which looks very much like the lining of a tunnel stripped of the surrounding earth; and if they come to thick grass which makes a shelter for them, they take advantage of it, and only resume the tunnel when they emerge on the other side. Not less wonderful than any of these are the trapdoor spiders. In making their nests they begin by sinking a shaft in the ground; it is then lined with a silken web, and closed by a circular door, which can scarcely be distinguished from the moss and lichens which grow around. The hinges are most exactly fitted, and the spider has an extraordinary power of closing his door from the inside, and resisting all intrusion.

What can be more beautiful than the little velella, a sea creature like a circular raft, with an upright membrane answering to a sail—semi-transparent, and radiant in many rainbow tinted colors. What is more grotesque than the archer fish, which possesses the curious power of feeding itself by shooting drops of water at flies, and very seldom fails to secure its prey; or the angler fish, which is endowed by nature with a rod and bait ready adjusted? This remarkable creature has an enormous mouth; on the top of its head are certain prolonged cane-like filaments, beautifully set in a ring and staple joint, so as to turn every way; and at the end of these singular appendages is a little piece of flesh, which when waved about looks like a living worm, and attracts the fish, which is then engulfed in the huge jaws of this angling monster.

Many interesting forms come to us from the water world, suggestive of rafts, boats, oars and anchors. An insect called the water boatman is itself both boat and oars, besides being its own passenger; the legs with which it rows are fashioned in most exact resemblance to the blade of an oar, or rather we should say that the blade of an oar resembles the leg of this water-boatman. That fragile creature, the Portuguese man-of-war, which traverses the ocean like a bubble, and can at pleasure distend itself with air and float, or discharge the air and sink, shows us the principle of the life dress. Cables, too, we have in plenty. The pinna, a kind of mussel, anchors itself to some rock or stone with a number of silk like threads spun by itself; and the water snail moors itself, perhaps to a lily leaf, by means of a gelatinous thread, slight, almost invisible, yet very strong, and which it can elongate at its pleasure.

It is natural to expect that in the arts of war and self-defence, nature should show us an infinite variety, and man has not been slow in using his powers to adapt the same principles to his own use. We are prepared to find the serpent's fang a terrible instrument; and we are not surprised that the piercing apparatus and sheaths of gnats and fleas, or the lancets of mosquitoes, when magnified, are dangerous and bloodthirsty; but it is curious to find how many of these deadly weapons belong to the vegetable world. The swordgrass has a notched blade which, when magnified, is almost exactly the same as the shark tooth sword of Mangaia. There are nettles whose sting is sufficiently venomous to cause violent pain, inflammation, cramp, and even death; and it is well known that some of the most graceful of the plants, such as Venus's fly-trap, which is common in the Carolinas, and the sundew, a British plant, are in fact nothing but skillful traps to catch and digest unwary insects.

Nature, in her turn exercising her powerful glamour, can make a caterpillar seem a twig, or a moth look exactly like a withered leaf. The spider crab might be taken for a moving mass of zoophytes and corallines, so thickly is its shell covered with extraneous growths. The leaf insects are so exactly like leaves that the most experienced eye can scarcely distinguish them from the leaves among which they are placed. We must all have noticed other instances in which the colors of insects, and also the plumage of birds, harmonize in a wonderful way with the scenes in the midst of which they are placed. Indeed there seems no end to the resemblance which may be traced between the works of nature and those of man. Many of the most obvious of these strike us with fresh surprise when we find the comparison carefully drawn out. What a freak of nature, for instance, are the aphides, the milk-cows of a species of ant; or the tailor-bird, which sews leaves together by their edges, and makes its nest inside them! It is sufficiently strange, too, to remember that the elaborate process of paper-making was carried on by the wasps ages before it was known to the Chinese.

One of the most powerful of all the natural forces is electricity; and it is at present so little understood, and so full of mystery, that we may perhaps suppose that many of the most important discoveries of the future must lie in that direction. But nature has known how to turn this, as well as her other powers, to her own use. She has her living galvanic batteries, such as the torpedo and the electric eel, both of which secure their prey by paralyzing it with their electric discharges. And the light of the glow worm and that of the fire-fly, although hitherto it has been a puzzle to the naturalists, may, there is little doubt, be referred to animal electricity.

Queer Theatre Customs.

The visitor to Paris may witness a kind of theatrical performance which is strikingly different from any that can be seen in any part of America. We refer to the Theatre des Menus Plaisirs, in the Boulevard de Strasbourg. Part of the entertainment here consists in certain of the actors and actresses criticising the performances which are proceeding upon the stage, from seats in different parts of the house—pit, circle and gallery—which they have quietly got into unobserved by the audience. They assume the character of ordinary spectators who find themselves compelled in the interests of literature and art to remonstrate in a rather extraordinary manner against what they see and hear upon the stage; and the surprise of the uninitiated when the ball is set rolling is considerable.

The manager comes upon the stage and begins a modest speech upon past successes and future prospects, but he has not far advanced in his speech when a gentleman rises in the stalls, hat in hand, and in the most respectful manner corrects him in regard to a word which he declares to be ill-chosen and misleading, at the same time obliging the manager with the correct word. Here another gentleman introduces himself into the dispute, and complicates matters by a new suggestion, which involves the subject in inextricable confusion and absurdity. Both gentlemen are extremely polite, but firm in denying the right of the manager to that word, and the latter is driven frantic, and goes from the stage at last, glaring at his antagonists.

Silence for a few seconds succeeds this scene, when suddenly a man in the front seat of the gallery starts up from his seat with a wild cry, throws one leg over the gallery, hangs forward suspended from the railing, and gazes toward the pit entrance of the theatre. He sees something of absorbing interest, and with another cry he is about to throw himself over the gallery. The people scream, and then he finds he has been mistaken; he resumes a normal position, and, looking around upon the audience with a kindly smile, which strangely contrasts with his late look of anxiety, he asks pardon for unnecessarily disturbing their composure, and resumes his seat. A tenor singer now comes upon the stage and begins a song, but the two critics in the stalls are particular, and take exception to his style; they do so with manifest regret, but the principles of art must be attended to. With profuse apologies, and an expressed hope that he will go on with his song in the corrected form, the critics resume their seats. The tenor, at first exasperated, becomes mollified by the courteous manners of the gentlemen, and begins his song again; but almost immediately a lady sitting in the front seat of the circle, tells him that he is in danger of dropping his moustache. This last is the final straw on the back of the vocalist, and he retires in high dudgeon.

By the side of the lady in the circle, there sits a meek-looking old gentleman, who being naturally shocked at the conduct of his wife, puts on his hat as if to leave the theatre; but the better half is equal to the occasion, and knocks his hat over the meek old gentleman's eyes, and the meek old gentleman himself back into his seat. Presently several actresses appear upon the stage, and one of them commences to sing, with probably a pleasing sympathetic voice; but such is not the opinion of the lady, who holds the singer up to ridicule. The vocalist then steps and engages in a verbal and violent encounter with her persecutor, who from her place in the circle returns the badinage with interest, so that the other retires from the stage vanquished. The victor is now asked herself to sing, a request with which she readily complies, singing with abundant action and in good voice an exceedingly catching song, and at the chorus giving a royal wave of the hands toward the gallery to join with her at that point.

The stranger will be surprised to learn that this disturbing element in the audience in reality comes from behind the scenes; the lady who has just sung is the leading member of the company, and the gentleman critics are well known and highly appreciated comedians. And though the stranger may think that all this is an impromptu disturbance, it is quite certain that all is rehearsed as carefully as any play that is put upon the stage. How long such a performance could secure the favor of an American audience, is doubtful; here, however, it is an abiding success, is received with immense applause—the claqueurs or professional applauders being apparently altogether dispensed with—and the audience is kept in continual hilarity by the humorous attack and the instant and witty reply.

Within the Parisian theatres the visitor may derive some amusement from observing the operations of the claqueurs, who are employed at the principal establishments to augment the enthusiasm of the audience. The men who compose this body of professional applauders appear to belong to the artisan class; they number from forty to fifty—that is, they are about a hundred hands all told. They occupy the front row of seats in the second or third gallery, so that to observe them and their movements it is necessary to occupy a place in one of the galleries. Their leader sits in their midst, ever ready at the points marked for him by author or manager to give the signal that "brings down the house." As the moment arrives when the bonmot shall be uttered, the leader breathes upon his hands, then stretches them slightly upward, while he at the same time looks right and left along his ranks. This is equivalent to "Attention!" or "Prepare to fire a volley." Each man is now at the "ready," and waits anxiously upon the chief. When the joke is uttered, he brings his hands together with a frantic wave, and the others simultaneously with him make a very respectable, even an enthusiastic show of applause. At the end of a song the leader starts the cry, "Pissé! pissé!" (plus, signifying more) in which all join; this, which is equivalent to "Encore!" sounds in the stranger's ears more like hooting than aught else; but it is no doubt as welcome to the French actor as a good burst of applause is to an American.

Strange Lawsuits.

Sticklers for their rights or fancied rights are rarely deterred from trying legal conclusions with an adversary by reason of the game not being worth the candle. In 1869 a certain judge delivered judgment in a case he described as the most difficult one he had ever been called upon to decide—a case that had been before the court for ten years, and had cost each side some twenty thousand dollars—the matter in dispute being the ownership of a couple of perches of land, of the value of fifty dollars.

When a man makes a formal contract, he should be sure that it is one the law will recognize. A would-be benedict of Hancock, Ohio, offered fifty dollars reward to any one who would procure him a wife. Sam Wickham introduced a bewitching widow, and the wedding soon came off. Then Wickham wanted the dollars, but the happy man refused to pay. His plea was that he had got a widow and not a wife. Sam brought an action for the money, and lost it, and as he paid his lawyer's bill, he solemnly abjured the wife-procuring business henceforth forevermore.

A year or two ago, one Thomas Clegg sued Charles Derrick in the Rochdale (Eng.) county court upon the following bill of particulars: "For finding a husband valued at fifty pounds, commission five per cent. per annum; two pounds ten shillings." The plaintiff deposed, that the wife of the defendant, when a single woman, contracted with him to get her a husband, saying she was twenty-six and not married yet, and feared she never would be, and if he would get Derrick to marry her, she would pay him five per cent. upon fifty pounds a year. He brought the pair together, and considered that the husband was bound to fulfil the wife's agreement. But Mr. Clegg learned that a contract to procure marriage between two parties for reward was altogether illegal and could not be enforced.

As regards matrimonial contracts, the sexes are assuredly not on an equality. When Miss Roxalana Hoonah sued Mr. Earle for breach of promise in a Brooklyn court, she admitted that the gentleman had never promised marriage by his hand or tongue, but he had kissed her in company, and Judge Neilson told the jury that no interchange of words was necessary, "the gleam of the eye and the conjunction of the lips being overtures when frequent and protracted." Thus directed, the jury made the defendant pay fifteen thousand dollars for indulging in eye gleams and lip conjunctions.

Extreme expeditness would seem to be required when trafficking with Frenchmen. In 1870 a lady purchased $500 worth of jewelry in Paris, the jeweler giving her a written promise to exchange the articles if not approved. She wore them for half a dozen years, and then intimated to the astonished dealer her desire to exchange them for others of newer style. He naturally demurred, arguing, as his advocate urged before the civil tribunal, that it was unreasonable that he should be called upon to accept, at the price originally paid for them, trinkets that had been in constant use for six years. The court nevertheless decided that the agreement did not define the period within which the exchange might be made, and he must do his customer's bidding. This might be law, but it certainly was not equity.

Sharp practice is not always so successful. A gentleman took railway tickets for himself, his servants, and his horses. After the passengers were seated, it was found expedient to divide the train, the gentleman being in the first part. When the second train was about to start, the cry was, "Tickets, please." The servants having none, they and the horses were turned out of their places and left behind. The gentleman sued the company. The latter brought forward their by-law setting forth that no person should be allowed to enter a train without having first procured a ticket, to be produced on demand. The court very properly overruled the plea, deciding that by delivering the tickets to the master, and not to the servants severally, the company had contracted with him personally, and could not justify their failure to carry out the contract they had made. This was perhaps just, but we should advise that in such cases each passenger should have possession of his ticket.

A young man losing his wits through parental thwarting of his matrimonial aspirations, was placed in an asylum. Having occasion to leave his charge for a few moments the attendant forgot to lock the door upon him. The lunatic, taking advantage of the oversight, slipped out of the room, made his way to an upper gallery, smashed a window, and leaping out got a thirty feet fall. The shock restored his reason, but he was crippled for life, and his father brought an action against the superintendent of the asylum for compensation. The judge ruled that the superintendent could not be held guilty of neglect because his subordinate failed in his duty; and so saved the jury the trouble of assessing damages, which, supposing the benefit done to the patient's mind to be set against the injury done to his limbs, would have been a pretty difficult matter for calculation.

Almost as difficult was that left to certain assessors appointed by the civil tribunal of Melun, France. The plaintiff in a case tried in that court alleged that M. de Sagourne had ordered his gamekeeper to put snares near his land, in which bats, owls and other night birds were caught, in consequence of which mice and other vermin had so multiplied that his crops were spoiled. The tribunal, holding that if the facts were so the defendant would be liable, ordered three farmers to find if damage had been done to the plaintiff's crops, whether the injury was due to vermin which might have been destroyed by the birds of prey trapped by defendant, and if so, to fix the plaintiff's loss.

A yet more puzzling suit is even now undecided in a western court. A landslip filled up a creek and turned the water in a different direction. The proprietor of a mill deprived of its motive power sues the farmer on whose land the slip occurred, not for damages, but to compel him to restore the stream to its former channel.

During the second century there was a vast improvement and advance made in music in the old world, in the greater number of people who applied themselves to its study and practice. As a collateral fact, it may also be stated that this period was distinguished by the mass of world wearied and disgusted men who rushed off into the deserts and mountains to live alone as hermits, far beyond human ken. The young man struggling with the accordeon in the present day may serve as a basis for explaining the connection between the two incidents.

It is difficult to say what constitutes the beauty of a woman. The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw. And thus goes the world the criterion of beauty differing according to latitude and longitude.

It takes as much wit not to displease a woman as it takes little to please her.

LIFE'S BORDERLAND.

BY MRS. MOLLIE MITCHELL.

Tell me, dear one—whisper it low,
Ere over the mystic tide you go,
The wondrous secret my heart would know.

The voice of love may surely tell
What Death hath guarded so long and well,
And forever break the binding spell.

Speak, for I know you have caught a gleam
Of fabulous light from beyond the stream,
And seen the beauties of which we dream.

True, I have learned from writ divine,
How the jeweled walls their treasures shrine,
How the sapphires flash and rubies shine.

Seers have pictured oft heaven's blissfulness,
Yet I would have your lips express
The hidden charm of its loveliness.

Alas! e'en the fondest love is dumb,
It enters silent the spirit home,
Nor reveals a glimpse of life to come.

The mystery deep of that wished-for land
I shall never know till I too stand
In awe sublime on life's borderland.

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF DESPAIR WHAT COMES?

Nell, flying from Mrs. Jeek's remonstrances at the settler's cabin, plunged into the forest and took her course eastward. At first she went at random, but she soon discovered that which set her to a more careful following of the old man supposed to have her child. Starting from the settler's cabin, as he had, and taking the same general direction, it was not surprising that she should come upon his tracks in places where they were plainest. Nevertheless, it was impossible to keep the trail long in the darkening forest.

Nell, however, was well-nigh past the influence of reason, and continued her headlong way the same, after she had left the last discoverable track far behind. What was torturing her would not let her rest; she must go on, she must find her child, she must put it in its father's arms!

Patient, forbearing, suffering John! So faithful in return for distrust—yes, so faithful that he refused his child, to return to the wretched, blinded woman who had caused his misery! This was the thought that ran constantly through her mind, and goaded her to madness.

She recalled his words when she doubted him before their marriage: "Oh, my darling! what a cruel, cruel wrong you have done yourself!" She knew it now. Having heaven within her grasp, she had cast it from her—and for what? For a doubt!

Could she ever look into his honest, loving eyes again? No; the sight of him would recall the bitterness of her remorse, and torment her always.

Even now she could not contemplate this. She must go on—faster, faster! anywhere, so that she was not still to let the haunting reflections thicken around her!

The night came on with the furious snow storm. Clouds upon clouds of white flew through the woods and settled upon the ground.

How cold, cold, cold, cold! What a cruel wrong—cruel, cruel! A wrong never to be righted—never, never, never! So ran her hurrying thoughts like a mental moaning, a ceaseless repetition of remorseful words. Poor Elsie, too! Her own child—his child! Ah! faster! faster! Anywhere, to fly from the blackness that was creeping around her on every side!

She went on thus through the woods, until from sheer exhaustion, as well as from the obstruction of the gathering snow, her pace slackened. It was almost dark when she came upon the bank of a river. From habit, she had without thought followed pretty nearly the direction in which she had started, but she had ceased to think coherently of any destination or object. Now she sank to the ground purposeless. A merciful insensibility was fast coming to her relief.

Her eyes were closed in utter weariness, and her wandering mind, in the moment of half-consciousness which precedes total oblivion, was busy with a scene of John and Elsie and mother at home. * * Afar off, a man is calling. Once, twice, three times. How curiously the sound comes from the distance. Listen, now. Once, twice, three——

With a great start and a shudder, Nell opened her eyes, fully awake, but her mind still struggling in the clouds in which it had sunk to momentary rest.

What was it that startled her? Ah! there it is again! A man calling—a long, distressful cry, the call of one in sore need!

Some wild intuition, or some new frenzy, seized the exhausted woman then. She staggered to her feet as quickly as her stiffening limbs would permit, and listened for a repetition of the call. Very soon it came:

"He-e-e-o-o-o-oh! He-e-e-o-o-o-oh!"

It came from the other side of the river. Nell set her face instantly in that direction, but she could not see even the farther bank of the stream.

Down to the water's edge she scrambled, seeming to gather strength, not waste it, with each step. Just above, she heard the rippling of the water over a shallow. To this place she hurried, and, catching up her clothing, began the crossing.

Again and again the cry was heard, and each time Nell's pace increased, and her eagerness grew into fury. She reached the shore and rushed up the bank; she was close upon the calling man. Right before her was a clump of hemlocks. Parting the low branches, drooping with their white loads, Nell entered the thicket.

There, upon the ground, and half covered with the snow, was a little heap—like a man sitting down and bending over something in his lap.

Frantic Nell dashed at the heap with a spring like that of a tigress, and tore from it—

LITTLE ELSIE!

Crouching down with the child in her arms, Nell rocked to and fro, and covered the little cold face with hot kisses, and uttered words that came so rapidly and so low that none could have understood them.

The child was drowsy with fatigue and cold, but it was not frozen. It was not dressed for such exposure, however, and there was need of shelter for it. Nell covered it with the skirt of her dress, and cuddled it into warmth in the heart of the white storm.

The old man was too much numbed in body and mind to give way to surprise. His one thought was that help had come. While Nell was cuddling the child, he muttered petitions for fire and food.

For a time these supplications fell unheeded upon Nell's ears. She had the child at last—there was room in her mind for nothing but that. Suddenly, however, the old man's murmuring began to have a meaning for her. They must have shelter; they would freeze, or starve. When the snow fall ceased, it would be colder, and the wind would go on piling up great drifts to bar travel in all directions.

Then the child, partly aroused, began to cry for food. Nell started up with the little one still wrapped in her drapery. She was ready for another effort.

"Come!" she said to the complaining old man—"get up! Can you walk?"

"Where? I've been walking all day," was the querulous response.

"Where were you going?"

"To Hoover's place."

"That must be near. Which way did you come?"

"Down the river—a long way."

"Then Hoover's is the other way. Come! We must get there!"

She led the way at once, and the old man followed, complaining without provoking a reply. In truth, Nell now had her full consciousness, and was busy with herself. An overpowering sense of fatigue was gaining upon her fast, and she feared giving out in the very hour of her success. The fear lent her new desperation, and she struggled on.

By this time the snow lay deep on the ground, and it was still coming in dense clouds. There was no guide but the river bank, and the way seemed interminable. They had gone barely half a mile, thinking the distance ten times as great, when Nell's heart suddenly bounded at the sight of a light. It must be at Hoover's place, for there was no other habitation in that vicinity. Nell was nerved anew, and with incredible strength she pushed ahead, leaving the old man behind, and in a moment was at Hoover's threshold.

Thrusting open the unbarred door, she staggered into the house. There was a bed in the room, and upon this she rolled Elsie out of her arms.

"Give her food—food! There's a man outside—toward the river. Help him in!" she cried wildly, and sank to the floor.

Her collapse had come at last. The fire within had driven her slight body to a wonderful task; but when that was done, the fire seemed to go out utterly, and she was as one dead.

The snow covered woman with her child had burst upon the inmates of the house like an apparition from the storm king's passing train. They were aghast in open-mouthed astonishment.

One at least soon recovered. This was the woman of the house at Hoover's—a woman whose softness of heart was in inverse proportion to the hardness of her life. This woman instantly started out three men from their places before the fire, to find the man reported to be outside. Then she lifted Nell and put her on the bed, and soon had her free of snow-beaten clothing, and under warm covers.

Afterward, little Elsie was roused to take some warmed milk and bread, and then returned comfortably to the bed to sleep off her fatigue.

The searchers outside found the old man Gardnill down in the snow almost at the door. Something stronger than the child got, soon put the old man in a fair way to recovery.

But all this time, Nell lay unconscious. No household remedy, no effort of the soft-hearted woman, availed to restore her; but her self-appointed nurse resolved to spend the night, if need be, in fighting the poor lady's prostration.

At about the time these events were taking place, two parties whose movements on this eventful day have made a part of this narrative, were not far from Hoover's. Hombert and his party, on the opposite side of the river, and little more than a mile up, had made their shelter of hemlock boughs and gone supperless to sleep. Jeek and Leela, also across the river, but not more than a half mile from Nell's refuge, were in the position described when this story left them—the lawyer sitting on the ground in the storm, afraid to go with Leela, yet not daring to take his own course against her—the woman standing sullenly over him, as relentless as death, resolved to let her prey go no more.

Still another party may be mentioned. Mrs. Jeek remained at the settler's cabin where Nell took such sudden leave of her. The lawyer's wife had no relish for tramping in the woods, and though she was distressed and alarmed on Nell's account, there was nothing she could do just then. So she made herself comfortable at the lonely settler's, and arranged for a guide next day, to conduct her to the place where her conveyance had been left. She would wait most of the following day for Nell's return, but would get back to the little railway station in time to take the evening train. Then she would go either to her home or to her sister in Millfield, Mrs. Morrick. She could not then decide positively, for she was oppressed by a strange foreboding.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED RENDEZVOUS.

When morning broke upon Hombert and his companions, they did not know it. Before their shelter was complete the night before, the snow had begun to fall fast, and they had piled the hemlock boughs so thickly that little light could penetrate to their lair. Then the snow lay deep over all, and further curtained the refuge.

Hombert needed no daylight to awaken him, however. All night his sleep was fitful and disturbed. A hundred times he started up to find he had been dreaming of his home. But these dreams were all and once—of the home since it was wrecked, not of the happy early days.

Visions of scores of little articles associated indissolubly with the memory of Nell, occupied his mind, and came surcharged with pain. Everything that had belonged to her—especially such articles as she had worn, a glove, a pair of slippers, a dainty bit of ribbon, and the like—was burdened with a keen pang since her flight. It was visions of such things—the debris of a nest despoiled, the sorrowful bits of plumage of the bird that had flown—that now trooped through his mind unceasingly.

But at last the whole party were awake; hunger, if nothing else, was quite sufficient to arouse them. A hole was made in the roof of boughs, and the light of broad day streamed in.

None of them were greatly disappointed that Leela had not returned. Hombert was too much depressed to think or care about it; his two companions settled the matter comfortably by agreeing that the woman had played them a squaw trick to escape. No one thought of remaining to await her coming.

But how to get away, and where to go? The woods were full of snow, but the storm was over, and the morning was very cold. It was a trackless white desert on every side, and about their shelter the snow was waist deep.

They waded through to the river bank close by, and looked down the stream, as they had done the night before. As at the former time, two of them saw nothing; but the constable was hungrier than the rest, and his eyes were therefore keener, in sympathy with his appetite. He discovered, on the opposite side of the river, and a mile or so down stream, a slender column of blue smoke rising above the tree tops. So an empty stomach may be a greater deliverer than a compass and a map.

They started at once for the smoke. It took nearly two hours of hard tramping to accomplish the distance. They found the shallow where Nell had crossed, and made their way over.

(It is worthy of remark that of the four parties—the old man first, and after him in order, Jeek, Leela and Nell—that had separately traversed the woods aiming for a common point at Hoover's, the two women had kept almost an exact course eastward by the section lines, and struck the river at points not half a mile apart, Leela highest up the stream. The two men had diverged widely from the true course, the old man coming to the river more than a mile out of the direct route, and Jeek was nearly as far wrong. The old man told Nell that he had come down the river a long way, but he had in fact crossed where Jeek saw the child's footsteps, and had afterwards wandered up and down the bank bewildered, until the storm closed down around him. Nell crossed the path taken by Leela as the latter sped down the river to catch Jeek. Nell was therefore at one time close to her husband, and not much farther from Leela and Jeek; but at that time, Hombert was under his shelter of hemlocks, and the half breed was confronting the lawyer grimly.)

Toiling wearily along, the three men at last came to where the smoke was. The unerring stomach of the constable had brought them to Hoover's place!

Expecting nothing but shelter and food, Hombert entered the dwelling with his companions, and was instantly in the presence of his wife and child, both asleep on the bed in the common room which served many purposes in the scant accommodations of Hoover's. It was by no means the least powerful shock Hombert had sustained—this sudden meeting.

The weary, heartsore man sank into a chair, and gazed silently at the two forms on the bed before him. The floodtide of emotion drowned all utterance, almost all thought. The soft-hearted woman of the house understood it at once, and was still. Even the constable and the stout fellow comprehended that something more important than winning a breakfast had occurred, and forbore speech.

Hombert struggled with profounder feelings than come with the taking of a city or the loss of a crown; for his world, which even death should not rob him of, but which had slipped from him as a thief's booty goes, was restored to him!

Restored, but he could not for an instant take his eyes from this world of his, lest it vanish again. He had learned that such things were possible. There are calamities which pass, but leave a memory that will not die, a perpetual sorrow, a cloud in the rear that is never dispelled.

Even now, when Nell was before him, he almost dreaded her awaking, lest it should only show him how far she was still from her place with him. The mysterious, baleful influence which had sent her flying from her home—how could he know that it was not yet in operation, and would drive him from her again as soon as consciousness returned?

Thoughts like these, and many others, mingled in Hombert's mind with the inexpressible yearning, the tender pity, and the loving pain, with which the sight of his poor wife and child filled him. He did not yet dare to ask what were the hardships and the dangers that had so exhausted them; he shrank from hearing of these, and hoped that no one would speak for a time. He could not even ask how they came there.

But at length the stillness began to alarm the soft-hearted woman. She had heard how a sudden surprise, though it be a joy, may sometimes result in loss of reason, or even in death. She deemed it best to rouse this man.

"Poor soul!" the soft-hearted woman said, stepping to the bedside and stroking Nell's forehead, "she must a had a fearful time of it in the storm, and with her little one to carry. I'm glad you've come, sir, for you'll have to help me bring her round. She has not spoken since she give up, and she give up the minute she'd laid the little one in the bed. I hope you're not tired out, too. There's plenty to do for her."

Hombert was roused by this, as the woman intended he should be. He saw the purpose of her speech, and its justice. It was no time for brooding—no time for anything but action, watchfulness and care, to restore the exhausted ones.

He rose from his seat, and placed his hand over his forehead, as if he were brushing away encumbering thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the woman, "I was somewhat overcome by the surprise. But I am not at all tired, as you shall see. Tell me now all you know of their condition, and we'll soon see what can be done."

He had came close to the bedside, and now bent down and kissed the unconscious mother and child. Into these kisses, which the soft-hearted woman saw and heard, went a world of what she could not see nor guess—all the man's yearning for a wife estranged, his bitter griefs at the withering of love's fair buddings, his ceaseless anxieties for long months, and finally his hopes for the future, so wildly eager that he dared scarcely own them, putting all this into the fond caress he was himself again—calm, self possessed, ready.

The woman soon told all she knew of her guests and patients. The little girl was all right, she said—only taking a healthy nap. The mother was greatly overdone—how much, she could not say, nor how serious the consequences might be. All efforts had thus far failed to restore her to consciousness.

They sought information from the old man Gardnill, who was pretty well recovered from his exposure. But he could only tell that when, the night before, he thought himself exhausted and about to be buried in the snow with the child in his arms, he called for help, and Nell came and brought them through to shelter. He was questioned on no other points then, all interest centering in Nell.

Hombert was some time in acquainting himself with the whole situation, and considering what must be done. Concerning the latter point, however, he could not hesitate, sitting by the side of Nell and knowing that no ray of consciousness had lighted the pale face since the night before. Medical aid must be had at once, though the roads were blocked with snow, they hardly knew how badly.

It was nine miles to the nearest railway station, and the journey was not one to be coveted by any man. Nevertheless, the constable was a resolute fellow—after he had breakfasted—and the stout man who made up the third one of Hombert's party, was quite ready to make the attempt.

They were provided with a horse apiece, though it was doubtful whether they would get on better on horseback than on foot, in the deep drifts they would encounter. They were to go to the railway station with all possible speed. There was a physician at that place, and he was to be sent back instantly, one of the men to come back with him. The other man was to bear a written message to Mrs. Gardnill, who was at the home in Hardston, and to accompany her on the journey to Nell's bedside.

It was near noon when the constable and his companion started. Unless the route was even worse than was anticipated, by reason of drifted snow, the nine miles to the station might be accomplished by nightfall. Then the man who returned with the physician might get back during the ensuing night. The arrival of Mrs. Gardnill from Hardston was not expected before noon of the second day, at the earliest.

Each of these events came out according to expectation. Shortly after midnight the physician from the station reached Hoover's place, escorted by the stout fellow—the constable having gone on for Mrs. Gardnill, and to leave a message on the way for the old lawyer at Millfield.

The physician chanced to be a man of sense, and not a licensed blunderer; he refrained from dosing Nell with medicines. A little cordial mixture to be kept ready for use when she awoke, the extremities to be kept warm, chafed a little, if necessary—these were the main points in his treatment. How it would be on the return to consciousness, he could not say. She must be kept quiet—especially she must not be surprised or alarmed at her first awakening. A friendly, trusted face should be the first she saw. This was directed at Hombert, for the doctor had guessed from the circumstances and the surroundings that there was something unusual between the husband and wife. Being a man of sense, again, he refrained from asking what the unusual thing was, it being sufficient for his purpose to know that something of the kind existed.

The physician remained during the most of the day following his arrival, and when he left, promised to return by the next noon. Within the succeeding twenty-four hours, he judged from certain indications, the long unconsciousness would end.

The dreary interval of suspense went slowly by. Hombert was a constant watcher at the bedside, though he had arranged, on the doctor's hint, for the soft-hearted woman to take his place should Nell awake. That would certainly be a friendly face to greet her, if not a familiar one.

Little Elsie was fully recovered. Her life, while hiding in the woods, had left her as brown as a berry, and almost as hardy as the acorns she played with. If anything could have brought happiness to Hombert at that time, this winsome little maid would have done it.

Mrs. Gardnill arrived at the expected time, and before the physician's return. She had her feelings in admirable control, and took her place at the bedside in perfect calmness. Now that she was come, she was to be the first one seen by Nell.

During the last hour or two, preceding the doctor's arrival, Nell had been uttering fragmentary sentences—evidently the thoughts which had filled her mind of late.

"I could not help it—I did not know it!" was the most frequent of these unconscious utterances. Then in a moment she would exclaim: "A cruel, cruel wrong!" And again: "Oh, why did I not know? Why did I not ask him?" Still again: "No—it is true; he could not, would not forgive that!" Very often, too, this: "If I had only known sooner! If I could but find Elsie, to give her back to him!"

All this only increased Hombert's distress, for he could get no clue to the motive that had actuated Nell. He learned simply this: That his wife had been most cruelly distressed by some mysterious cause; that she accused herself of a grievous fault, or misfortune; that in her flight from home her object was to atone for the fault, or repair the misfortune, by recovering Elsie. There would have been comfort and reassurance in some of this, but for the mystery. That was dark, unfathomable, awful!

The incoherent utterances, however, plainly indicating the return of consciousness, increased in frequency. They knew that at any moment the long-closed eyes might open—with what result they shrank from guessing. Hombert prayed for the return of the physician. A strong, confident, skillful hand like his might be everything at the critical moment. The soul that had been wandering, and was about to return, was in sore distress, and would need guidance as much as the poor body required tender care.

The physician came at last, but with scarcely a moment to spare. Even while he was laying off his outer coat, Nell's eyes slowly opened.

She was looking straight upward at the ceiling above her. But in her eyes was the light of consciousness. Her dazed spirit was gathering itself to recognize the world once more.

This was the critical moment!

Hombert shrank noiselessly out of view. The physician, calm, confident, full of purpose, stepped quietly to the bedside.

"There—there; shut your eyes again," he said, as he took Nell's hand with a firm but gentle grasp. "I'm your doctor, you know, and I must be obeyed. There—that's right. Now let me give you a swallow of this draught—you needn't open your eyes; if there's anything to see, I'll let you know; only you must mind the doctor. There—we'll soon have you all right!"

The effect of the physician's words and touch was wonderful. Under their influence and that of the cordial draught, Nell sank at once sank into a peaceful sleep—quite different from her restless unconsciousness a few moments before.

"She is resting now," said the doctor. "She will soon awake, and then we shall know how she is."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BASS LAKE MYSTERY.

However he arrived at it, the physician made a very accurate prediction in regard to his patient. She slept quietly, the sleep of absolute repose and recuperation.

Meantime some of the parties who had been so unexpectedly brought together were not free from disquietude, despite the great and overshadowing anxiety that centred in the sleeping patient.

Of course Mrs. Gardnill must know that her husband was in the house. The apartments at Hoover's were not so numerous, nor the customs of the family such, that guests could keep entirely aloof from one another. Gardnill had withdrawn from the common room (in which Nell lay) to a rear room when Mrs. Gardnill's arrival was announced, and they did not immediately see each other.

But the old man was uneasy, and at last sent a request to Hombert for a moment's interview.

The request being granted, Gardnill begged the young man to say to Mrs. Gardnill that all connection of any kind between himself and Jeek had long ceased, and that they were now enemies—not friends. He had taken the child from the half-breed's hiding-place in order to thwart the lawyer; he hoped Mrs. Gardnill would fear no annoyance from him, now or hereafter.

Hombert delivered the message. Mrs. Gardnill received it in silence, but was afterward evidently more at ease. Not for a moment, however, by this or any other happening was her attention directed from her daughter.

And, indeed, without constant watching, Nell's awakening might not have been seen. So suddenly did she open her eyes, without the movement of a muscle by way of warning.

She saw her mother first, and before a word could be said to her, she spoke, very quietly and steadily:

"Mother, where is Elsie? I had her. I found her in the snow. She would have been frozen soon. Where is she?"

"Bring in the little one," said the doctor. "It will do her good to see it."

The woman of the house turned and opened the door of the rear room, beckoning to one within it. In truth, little Elsie was at that very moment playing with the old man, for whom she had conceived a childish affection during the adventurous period of their acquaintance. The woman who now beckoned the old man to bring the child forward, hardly knew what she was doing.

What she did was to cause the old man Gardnill to put the child into its mother's eager embrace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Last.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"Homeward bound at last," thought Frederick Vale, as he paced the deck of an Australian ship, and indulged, under the soothing influences of a cigar, in vague anticipation. "It's something to get back again; but a man can't expect to find much of a home after ten years' absence. Time enough for all one's kith and kin to be married, dead, or scattered to the four quarters of the globe, as mine are. To be sure, I've laid up a fair portion of this world's goods; but of what use is money when there is no one to share it with you?"

"Ten years ago," sighed the waves as they dashed against the ship in unceasing monotony. "Ten years ago!" Ah! all that was over ten years ago!

"I suppose my father thought he advised me for the best!" Frederick Vane exclaimed as he tossed the half-finished cigar impatiently into the ocean; "but I was a fool to leave her without a word of explanation, and after our little misunderstanding! She would have waited for me if I had asked her; but it's all over now. I say it's a sin to break up a man's life in that way, for money. And what good does money do when there's no one to share it with you?"

And Frederick Vale turned from the moonlit deck, and sought his state-room to pass a sleepless night, hearing ever in the moaning of the waters, the saddest of all sad words:

"It might have been."

* * * * * *

"I don't know when I've been so glad to see any one as yourself, Fred," was the gratifying assurance of his old college friend, Archie Graham, whom he sought out immediately on his arrival some six weeks later. "You're wonderfully changed, but I suppose that's the natural work of Father Time, to say nothing of the depressing effects of bachelorhood. You should have followed my example, old fellow, and taken to yourself a helpmate, to share your joys and double your expenses. No one knows the comforts of matrimony till they try it."

"I suppose not," his friend responded, with a half sigh. "But now Archie, tell me all about yourself and everybody else. For pity's sake, let me know what's going on in this hemisphere, for I'm beginning to feel like a modern Rip Van Winkle."

A long talk ensued, in the course of which Frederick Vale succeeded in obtaining information about all his friends—all but *one*. There was one name which Graham omitted to mention; and his friend could not bring himself to utter it, and was still ignorant of what he most wanted to know.

"You must dine with us to-day, Fred," said Mr. Graham, when at last they parted. "I want to introduce you to my wife. You will meet no one else but a cousin of hers, who is staying with us now. Remember, six o'clock, and don't forget to be punctual."

There was only a cosy half-light in the library, where the family party were assembled, when Mr. Vale made his appearance. He was presented to Mrs. Graham, whom he had never met before, and then his friend added:

"My cousin, Miss Thornhill. I believe you have met before."

Was it a dream? Mr. Vale looked up to meet the soft, gray eyes which had so often haunted his dreams. How the few moments before dinner elapsed he could never remember; or how conversation flowed on during the apparently interminable time that they sat at the table, when his whole mind was absorbed in the overwhelming consciousness that *she* was near him, and *her* voice again ringing in his ears. Cigars and wine had no attraction for him that evening; and either he proved himself an uninteresting companion, or Mr. Graham had a sympathetic perception of his feelings, for he proposed, before very long, that they should join the ladies in the drawing room.

Miss Thornhill was seated there alone; and Mr. Graham departed in quest of his wife, leaving his friend to meet the sublime moment which he had dreamed of for years.

"I feel as if I were walking in a dream," he said, as she looked up to greet him with a smile. "This morning I despaired of receiving one hearty welcome back to my native land; and to-night the kindness of two of my oldest friends has made it seem like home again. Some magnetic attraction must have drawn me to the place where I most wished to be."

"You will find many changes among your friends after so long an absence," said Miss Thornhill, conscious that she was expected to make some reply.

"Not so many as I feared," he answered," somewhat quickly. "I thought—I heard, that is to say, I have not heard at all for several years, but my last letter contained rumors of your engagement."

"Rumors, I assure you, entirely without foundation," she said. "But, Mr. Vale, you have told us, so far, very little of your foreign experiences. Have you no traveler's tales of hair-breadth escapes and deadly perils, to regale your friends, withal?"

"The only interest those stories would have for you, Miss Helen, would centre in the talisman which encouraged me to persevere in spite of all obstacles."

"You have not become a victim to superstition, I trust."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of my talisman until you have seen it," he answered, producing a golden ball, which was fastened to his watch chain. "And now," he continued, touching a spring, "have you any curiosity to see its contents?"

"How can you ask?" she said. "I never saw a more mysterious or ingenious contrivance."

"Very well. In the first place, there is the scroll, which is the particular feature of a talisman."

And he handed her a scrap of paper, evidently torn from a note, containing these words:

"I shall certainly expect you to come."
Yours,
H. T."

"*This*," he continued, "speaks for itself. 'Tis but a little faded flower; but, oh! so fondly dear! And *this*, the last charm of my talisman, is the first fruits of my industry—a gold coin—which I consecrated to forming part of my wedding-ring! Helen, dear, I left you from a sense of duty, without a word of explanation; but I have thought of no one else during all these years. Even then I fancied you were married—when I had given up all hope—those words in your hand writing seemed like a spell that urged me to come home. Tell me, Helen, did you expect me to come?"

"It seemed like hoping against hope," she said, "when you never sent me a message, and I remembered that we parted coldly; 'but all things come round to those who will but wait;' and I waited, Frederick."

"And trust me, you will never have reason to repent it."

"I did not expect you to follow my advice so soon, Fred," said Mr. Graham, when, at last, he intruded upon their *tete a tete*; "but you've done the right thing, and I trust many happy years may compensate you both for your decade of hope deferred."

FACETIÆ.

"Objects of interest"—Debts.

"A timely question"—What o'clock is it.

"Going through Africa"—Robbing a negro.

"Fine language"—A sentence to pay the costs.

One distinguished trait of man is said to be that his gifts are of the head, but the same thing is true of cabbage.

Despite the lively times they've had, and the amount of work performed, most of the thermometers are still in high spirits.

Many farmers go to the bathing places in summer to watch the bathers in their lovely hired suits and get designs for scarecrows.

Black eyes may be beautiful, but there is considerable difference in the degree, when worn as birthday presents or the result of a fight.

When Pope wrote, "Lo, the poor Indian," he had reference to the condition of the noble red man as he comes out of the hands of a post agent.

In Texas they elevate some of their worst men—horse thieves and others—to prominent public positions. In the absence of a regular scaffold a tree serves very well.

When a man attempts to find the pocket of his wife's dress as it hangs up in the closet, he gets a faint idea of the prospect Columbus had before he discovered America.

Many of the scientific discoveries of late years are more pretentious and hollow than practical or useful but it must be confessed the telephone and phonograph are "sound" inventions.

If the process for tanning the human skin ever becomes common, the book and insurance agents' cheek will probably be used as a substitute for alligator and rhinoceros hide.

Chicago, which is nothing if not literary, now, whenever the head of a banking concern flies to Europe and leaves his depositors disconsolate, always calls the departures "fly-leaves."

Times are becoming quite brisk with many of our colored population. Spring chickens are just arriving at a tender maturity, and summer coops are never strong or closely watched in summer.

They say that the diamonds which are put in finger rings contain nothing but pure carbon. It must be this then that makes a woman's nose itch so fearfully when she happens to be lucky enough to wear one.

In the discussion relative to bringing down the price of lager beer to three cents per glass, nothing is said about the price of froth. Everyone is aware that there is a good deal more of this sold in saloons than beer.

It's poor policy in an apothecary to say he charges two dollars for ten cents' worth of drugs in a prescription, merely for the sake of forcing his victims to be more careful of themselves in future and not get sick.

It must be a very sickly summer, for there is scarcely an excursion ground around that isn't covered with empty green-glass bottles and flasks, that certainly contained medicine or something for the use of the excursionists.

Every day universal education is gaining fresh victories in this country. What with the invention of postal cards and the appointment of female postmasters, a knowledge of reading increases some women's enjoyment of life ten times over.

On the glorious blue bosom of the wide and boundless ocean all petty distinctions of wealth and rank are destroyed. The peasant may gaze upon the azure surface and get as thorough and indiscriminating a dose of sea-sickness as a president or a king.

There are quite a number of the higher orders of architecture, and it would imply something defective in the American system of education when we find so many of our young men who are alone familiar with the internal structure of our station houses and jails.

The Darwinian claim that Nature never bestows any part or faculty upon her children which their circumstances do not render necessary, is refuted by facts; for the common dog was possessed of a tail long before the invention of old tin cans, tar rope, or even the bad small boy.

It may be, there's no telling, stranger things have happened and are happening every day; but the conduct of the mother who slippers her son for going into the water so much in youth, may establish or lay the foundation for that unconquerable aversion which he maintains for the liquid to the whole course of his after life.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE, that it may be administered promptly in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Colic, or any kindred affection, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year, every family will find in it a useful and necessary curative.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

[illegible]

CHAPTER VI

[illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Forgotten.

A Chapter of Heart History.

[illegible]

BASHFUL NED.

[illegible]

FEMININITIES.

[illegible]

Go-Ahead and Plod-Away, Two Colorado Beetles.

It was the beginning of August, in the State of New York, where our hero and heroine, first saw the light.

They emerged, along with nearly forty brothers and sisters, from a cluster of orange-colored eggs, laid on the under side of a potato leaf, and crawling upward, at once began to gorge themselves on the green foliage around.

Presently Go-ahead stopped in his employment, and looking at Plod-away, remarked:

"I like you; you're the prettiest of them all."

"And you are the largest," she said; "so as I like you, we may as well be friends and feed together; but I'm too hungry to talk, let us begin again."

And so they did, and went on, too, till they had demolished all the leaves on the plant, and then coolly proceeded to another, without any compunction for the havoc they had made.

After three or four days the little larvæ had grown immensely, and their dark-red color had become much paler, their appetites were still enormous, but the potato field was large, and promised to last for a good while.

"This is rather a jolly life," said Go-ahead to his companion one morning; "we have nothing to do all day but eat and enjoy ourselves."

"Ah, yes!" replied Plod-away, with a sigh. "I fear it is too good to last. Listen! I hear a noise!"

As she spoke, a distant sound became louder, and presently the companion could discern the figure of a man, with a rather vacant face, who was talking loudly and angrily to a couple of boys who accompanied him.

"If those here critters haven't bin and come here at last," said he, furiously, "a sight of trouble I'll have now; I calculated I was safe for this year."

"We told you, uncle, we'd seen a few of 'em a short time ago, but you wouldn't believe us," cried the boys.

"I guess you did. Suppose ye turn yer hands to some account, and clear 'em off in place of standin' and lookin' at 'em," replied the man.

"All right; but there's a powerful hot," said the elder boy.

And he and his brother set to work in such good earnest, that Go-ahead and Plod-away had only just time to conceal themselves within the folds of a withered leaf before some of their companions were swept off; but the boys seemed intent upon the beetles, and didn't pay much attention to the larvæ.

"Are you safe, Go-ahead?" cried Plod-away, peeping out from her hiding place when the field was quiet.

"All right," he replied; "but this is too serious. That person seems to be our enemy, and I'm afraid to move."

"He won't come back again," said the beauty, with her mouth full of leaves. "Come and eat!"

But Plod-away was wrong. The field was, it is true, left undisturbed for about a week, but at the end of that time the farmer again made his appearance, burning with a desire to save his crop; and he avenged on his tormentors. He was accompanied this time by all his laborers, and never was such a noise heard in that field before, gobbling, hissing, quacking and clucking, to say nothing of the shouts of the men, for they drove before them a multitude of turkeys, geese, ducks, hens and chickens, which flapped along, and tried to escape in various directions, making little darts here and there and from side to side when the men were off their guard.

Above the tumult the farmer could be heard shouting:

"Now, boys, on with you, drive 'em in! we've got 'em, and we'll make short work of the varmint!"

But, unfortunately, Uncle Joe was fated to be disappointed, for of all his feathered army the ducks alone were obedient enough to devour his enemies; the other birds turned away in disgust, and on some of the beetles being put down the chicken throats, the poor little things became so ill that their master was obliged to leave off attempting to make them eat, and swing that the ducks, did not much diminish the numbers of the millions of beetles which surrounded him, he retired a second time from the field.

Our two young larvæ began to be rather frightened at finding they were so little wanted in the place, but about four days later some new enemies appeared, which seemed like the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Go-ahead and Plod-away saw a large beetle with brown legs and a blue back, walking in their direction, and feeding on all the helpless youngsters he could find. Our hero and heroine again hid from the foe, and presently heard a rust-red social wasp, which was carrying some of the larvæ off to her nest, demand in an acid tone.

"May I ask who you are, sir?"

"My name is Bombardier Beetle, madam," he replied, pompously, rolling out the syllables of his high-sounding name. "I am engaged in the pursuit as yourself—clearing the potatoes of these destructive insects."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Wasp, viciously. "You're an intruder; I never saw you before."

"Madam, it is true that this is not my native country," began the bombardier, expanding his wings gravely.

But the wasp interrupted the fine speech he was about to make, crying:

"Look out!" and flying hastily away; and Master Sam, who had stolen up during the conversation, stooped down to pounce on the black bombardier, who, however, true to his name, discharged an acrid fluid in the direction of the boy's eyes, which exploded with some noise, and, concealed by the vapor which enveloped him, ran away, and made his escape.

"I am tired of these persecutions, Plod-away," moaned Go-ahead. "There is no peace for us. I am sleepy, and will hide from my enemies in the ground; there, at least, they will let us alone."

He crept down, and began to bury himself in the clay.

"Wait for me, I am coming!" cried his companion.

But the tip of Go-ahead's tail was disappearing, so that she could only hurry after him, and bury herself as near to him as possible.

Just about a week afterwards two pretty beetles came creeping up from the ground, leaving behind them the empty pupa cases in which they had been transformed from fat, reddish larvæ to the handsome insects they now appeared. Their backs were of a beautiful yellow color, with ten stripes of black running from head to tail.

They surveyed each other for some time with great delight, and then Go-ahead exclaimed:

"Well, this is a change for the better, decidedly. I feel so lively, and I can fly, too," he went on, spreading his pretty rose-colored wings, and showing his powers.

"So can I, for that matter," replied Plod-away quietly; "but let us eat a few leaves before we begin to explore."

"You are always wanting to eat," observed her companion, discontentedly, but he did not seem at all disinclined to follow her example.

Fat one day they were left in peace, but after that time a number of crows, quails, and other birds came to devour the beetles, and our friends, thinking that

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day,"

bade farewell to their birth-place, and flew off. They slighted in a fresh field of potatoes, where very few of their companions had preceded them. But in a short time the first severe frost came, and the beetles, who had not yet made ready to bear much cold, retired again to a home underground, where they spent the winter very comfortably.

In the pleasant month of the following May, when the fresh leaves of the potatoes were just peeping over the surface of the earth, our two beetles, with their companions, revived, and coming to light, again began their work of destruction. Plod-away laid hundreds of eggs, which would hatch out in about a week and help to consume the plants.

Very soon their presence was discovered by the owner of the field, and he tried various expedients for getting rid of the small pests, but not being a very clever man, he met with many failures; and our friends had a hearty laugh when they saw him first sprinkling a solution of sulphate of copper (otherwise called blue stone) on the plants, which did not, of course, injure the insects in the least, and afterwards, trying a preparation of potash, which killed a number of beetles, indeed, but also destroyed the valuable and harmless potato plants.

"The silly old fellow does not know how to get rid of us yet," said Go-ahead from a sheltered underground piece of ground. "Why, I saw him laying a row of elder branches along the ridges the other day, and then laughing with delight when he next examined the field, because he thought we had all been killed off, but most of the larvæ had gone down to the ground, and that was the reason there were so few to be seen."

Go-ahead's self congratulations were, however, a little premature, for next day a gentleman of considerably superior appearance in the field, accompanied by a crowd of men, who listened to his words with the greatest attention.

"The only really safe and sure method of killing these little nuisances," said the tall gentleman, "is by means of a substance called Paris-green. A small quantity must be dissolved in water, and I will show you how it is used."

As he spoke, he pointed to a man standing beside him, on whose shoulders, in knapsack fashion, was fastened a large can, with two India-rubber tubes attached to it.

"Now, my friends," went on the professor, "there is a quantity of the mixture I have been speaking of in that can. Observe Joel Hay's movements; he takes a tube in either hand, and walks up a trench, sprinkling the plants on each side with the liquid."

The countrymen looked, and so did our hero and heroine at a distance, to the delight of one, and horror of the other. The larvæ, when touched by the fluid, seemed at once affected by some pain, and wriggled about uncomfortably.

"It will not kill them immediately," said the professor, "but I would venture to say that before night all the insects that have been sprinkled will be dead."

"If that is the case," murmured Plod-away to her companion, "the sooner we go the better."

"Come instantly!" cried Go-ahead indignantly; "we will leave this hateful country forever. Let us not delay a moment."

So the two beetles spread their wings, and, accompanied by a cloud of companions, flew towards the sea coast. They traveled for a long time, sometimes they rested for a while upon a flourishing potato field, and after consuming some of the leaves, and depositing their eggs upon the remainder, they set off again, and when they were tired of flying, they alighted on the railway trains, and, creeping into the crevices of the cars, were conveyed along very pleasantly.

At last they reached the city of New York, and found their way down to the quays. But here a great misfortune befell Go-ahead—he lost his dear little friend, and lost her in a most unaccountable way. One moment she was by his side, the next she was gone, and he could not discover anything about her. He searched for her everywhere, and spent hours thoroughly, but without finding any clue to her whereabouts, and for some time he fell into a state of great depression; but at last he thought that perhaps she might have carried out their original intention of leaving the country altogether, so he determined to follow her supposed example, and, stealing across a narrow strip of water which divided his place from a ship, he climbed on deck, and crawled down to a dark place below, where he hoped no one would find him.

He lay there concealed for some time before the vessel put out of harbor, but at last he was on the wide sea, and very lonely he felt.

A number of heavy objects had been thrown into his hiding place before they set sail; and one day, when Go-ahead had been creeping round them and wondering what they contained, when he heard a curious scratching noise, which seemed to proceed from the one next him. He listened intently, but could only make out that there was some living creature in the compartment besides himself, which greatly pleased him, and he determined to try and find out what it was, so he poked about until he found a small hole in a large bag through which he wriggled, and passing among piles of letters, papers, and packages, he at last discovered the parcel from whence the noise proceeded, but when he had got through the outer covering he could get no further for some hard substance resisted all his efforts to force a passage; so he thought he would use his voice, and cried:

"Who are you?"

The little scraping sound came towards him from the end of the box, and all at once, almost in his ear, he heard the voice of his long lost friend whispering.

"It is I—Plod-away."

"Where are you?" he cried, looking about for her retreat.

"You cannot reach me," she murmured; "a hard, shiny substance separates us; but there are holes provided to give us air, and it is through one of them I am speaking."

"Ah! why did you leave me?" groaned Go-ahead.

"Leave you!" echoed Plod-away indignantly; "I never left you. When I was walking by your side a man picked me up, and put me into this jar with some of our companions. Oh, Go-ahead! I have missed you dreadfully; and you can have no food out there."

"I don't want any," replied her friend. "I could live for months without eating anything. Now that I can talk to you, I'm all right."

So the poor companions tried, during the rest of the voyage to console each other and make plans for a possible future. Plod-away tried to persuade Go-ahead to leave her and conceal himself; but this her companion persistently refused to do.

When the vessel reached the London dock, and the mails were thrown ashore and rattled off to the postoffice, Go-ahead was discovered upon the outside of his loved one's prison.

Well! cried one of the officials, "here is another of those rascally beetles. I'll make short work of him!"

And one stamp of his boot put an end to our poor hero's existence; then, as his companions were dressed, he looked at the jar and found the other beetles. He was very indignant (as well he might be) at the postoffice being made use of to convey this dreadful insect to England; but as a naturalist happened to come in at that moment, and promised to destroy the beetles if he would trust them to him, the official agreed; and Plod-away and her companions were later killed with prussic acid, and then put in a glass case, which did not do them much good, after all—though the naturalist held them up as "awful warnings" at his next fresh Scientific Meeting, and Paddy gaped and stared, and cadged with

"Musha! but its a wee cratthur to do so much harm!"

Aunt Maggie's Story.

BY G. E. L.

Yes; what your grandfather came to tell me lassie, was, that Paul Cardell was dead. He was just eighty gye. He'd lost sight and hearing both, they say, and was glad to go. It's not so bad with me, but I wouldn't mind going, too. It's stirred my memory to hear of Paul's death. I've loved a good many in my life, but never one as I did him. Ah! I'm not ashamed of it, lassie, if I am an old maid.

We met often, and for a while I thought he liked me pretty well. But soon I began to think I was mistaken. It makes a girl tremble to think that she may show a man who does not love her that she likes him over well. All she can do is to wait. It seemed to me that Paul was my right one; but he didn't court me, and I could not court him. And James Reeder, being a man could do as he chose, and did. He loved me, and I loved Paul Cardell. Heaven help us all. I think if we women had no hearts, the word would be a merrier place, lassie.

I put James Reeder off for a while, and just kept my eye on Paul. I did not love him, and I did love Paul. Why couldn't I love the man that loved me?

I thought it over before I went to bed one night, and made up my mind that James Reeder should have a "yes" when he asked for it. Then I cried—oh! how I cried, lassie!

The girls envied me my handsome, dashing beau. But often, walking with him, or riding with him, I'd pass Paul Cardell in his shabby coat, and say to myself:

"Oh, to be a man—just to be a man, and go courting whom I chose, instead of taking what comes!"

I didn't want money, nor so much beauty as James Reeder had. I wanted—well lassie, I wanted Paul, and no one else, though why he was perfection to me he knew not, I do not, and likely never shall.

At last Kitty Wainingham married, and they gave a great wedding party. They were rich, and did it in style. And it was an all day party. The wedding first, then breakfast and dinner, and a dance and supper, of course. I was a bridesmaid, and Paul stood up with me. After that, you know, it was his place to be my beau all day. I thought of that, and nothing else, lassie. It gave him one chance more. A word from him, and I'd give James Reeder the mitten. A word—a look even.

After we came home from church, there was breakfast—and he beside me all the while—and then we all went into the garden. We sat under a great tree apart from the rest, when suddenly he looked straight into my eyes.

"Miss Maggie," he said, "do you think I love you?"

Before I knew what he wanted to know if I thought, some one came up the path, and stopped beside me. It was James Reeder.

"Here you are," he said. "Paul, Mrs. Wainingham wants you to drive grandma Thompson home. She isn't well, and wants to go. I'll take care of Miss Maggie, mean while."

Paul got up. He gave me a look I couldn't understand, and after he had gone a few steps, he came back and offered me his hand.

"Good-bye, Maggie," he said, and I heard his breath come short and fast—and away he went. So James Reeder and I were left alone.

It happened exactly as I knew it would. He asked me to be his wife, before we had been together half an hour, and I said "yes."

"The sooner it is over, the better," I said to myself, and so if that was the way to have it over, I let James coax me to fix the day very soon—six weeks from our engagement.

There was a busy time at our house, you may suppose. All my things to make in a hurry. I was in a sort of fever all the time. They teased me.

"In love," they said.

So I was, lassie, but not with James Reeder. So one day mother remarked to me:

"You are the only idle one, Maggie. Run over to Mrs. Wainingham's, and borrow the pattern of Kitty's traveling basque. It will just fit you, and I want yours to be like it."

I went, of course, and got the pattern of Mrs. Wainingham. She was a merry soul, and she would tease me. We stood talking, and she a teasing, when all of a sudden she said:

"And James isn't jealous any more, I hope?"

"Jealous," said I.

"Oh, he was wild the day our Kitty was married," said she—"wild with jealousy of Paul Cardell. He told me all about it. They are paired off together," said he, "and with the girl it is the first who asks her. Paul is as much in love as I, and she is best to me. So Grannie and I set our wits to work to help him. And we sent for Paul, as you know, and gave Jem his chance. Now say 'thank you,' Maggie, as he did."

But I couldn't. I took the pattern, and ran away. I ran until I came to the bridge, and then I stopped, looking down into the water.

"No, no," I kept saying to myself—"no, no; he never cared anything about me. I gave him chance enough to speak, and he did not."

And while I said it, I heard a step upon the bridge; I looked around; it was Paul Cardell. I couldn't move. I stood still, and let came up to me. I had not seen him before since Kitty's wedding-party, when he came to say good-bye.

He held out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Maggie?" said he.

I didn't speak—only bowed.

"You are to be married soon, I hear," he said.

"They say so," I answered.

"I hope you may be very happy," he said. "James Reeder is a splendid fellow, and as rich as he is handsome."

And he caught his breath in a little sigh.

"God bless you, Maggie.

He never called me plain Maggie before. He never looked as he did then. I tried to thank him, but I didn't know what I said.

Suddenly he took both my hands in his.

"I'd like you to know it," he said—"somehow I'd like you to know it. I was very fond of you, Maggie. I—loved you, my dear. If James hadn't called me when he did that day, I should have told you so, and had my 'no' from you. I always felt afraid you liked James best. No wonder. It's better for you—altogether better. Only—quite as a past thing—I am glad you know I loved you. Better than my life, Maggie. I am not going to plan to death, or make an idiot of myself. I shall marry. Lucy Swallow has promised to be my wife. She would not care for such love as I have now to give; but she will be very good and pretty, and we shall be happy. God bless you, and good-bye."

He took my hand, put it to his lips, and went.

I did not marry on the day fixed for me, for I was ill of fever then, and not expected to live; and afterwards I had my heart too well. I could not forgive James for cutting short the words that would have made Paul and me happy for life; and I told him plainly that I never could love him.

But Paul and Lucy Swallow were married; and she lived thirty years with him—thirty long years. What a happy woman, to live thirty years with Paul Cardell!

I never married—never, as you know. And James Reeder never did, either. When he was sixty he told brother Dick there never had been but one woman in the world for him, and that was Maggie. Poor Jem! he cried, when I told him he must go. And he was very handsome, so they said—a very fine man, but I can't remember much about his looks.

And, you see, I have not forgot Paul. I could draw his picture now. I know the touch of his hand, and the tone of his voice by heart. He was very happy with Lucy, they say. I haven't been. But it was better than marrying any one else, after all. A wasted life and a wasted heart, but nothing worse. Good-night, lassie.

Cyprus, the late famous acquisition of England, was represented as the birth place of Venus. It was long since dedicated to her, and is also represented by the Greek and Latin poets as the abode of the Graces. Hence Venus obtained the name of Cypria, and was sometimes called the Cyprian goddess. A magnificent temple was erected to her at Paphos, and travelers visiting the island seldom fail to explore its ruins. The ashes of the hundred altars erected in this splendid temple, a quantity of frankincense was daily burned in honor of the Goddess of Love, who is thought to have arisen from the foam of the sea in the immediate vicinity of Paphos, and consequently to have first touched the earth on that spot, in memory of which Paphos was founded.

In the newly discovered excavations at Pompeii the wine shops seem to have been very numerous. We have obtained the names of which were built up large earthenware jars, each capable of holding half a barrel of wine. The counters were generally square with an opening in the centre, where the vendor stood and dipped out the wine as called for. There are two undoubted restaurants, or cook shops, where articles were cooked and sold across the counter. There is also a barber shop with a stone block in the centre, upon which the Pompeians sat to be shaved. Signs on the walls indicated that other shops were those of marble workers or mosaic artists. The ruins of a drinking saloon have unknown small apartments in the rear to serve as private drinking rooms. One of the walls contained announcements of the public festivals of the day. The shop itself contained a treasure, a cup for displaying the glasses, and a marble counter, which still exhibits stains of the liquor marks of the glasses.

Lying Clubs.—In the last century, says *Old and New London*, there were several organized Lying Club, one of which for many years held its meetings at the Bell Tavern," Westminster. But we have no occasion to get back to the last century to find lying clubs. When, observes a well known writer, I was in the country of Durham, England, a few years ago, I found there a lying club existing and flourishing. It had a first eleven, and a second twenty-two, just like a cricket club. If a man, who was a member of the first eleven, didn't acquit himself well as a liar, he was put back into the second twenty-two; and if a man did well in the second twenty-two he was promoted to the first eleven. If a man couldn't tell lies at all, he was expelled from the club. I never knew any one expelled. I was black ball, led.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To Clean Bottles.—To clean glass bottles and other vessels that have been soiled with fatty substances, use permanganate of potassium, to which a few drops of sulphuric acid are added.

Teeth of the Hair.—The microscope shows the hair to be indented with teeth resembling those of a coarse, round rasp, but extremely irregular and ragged, and which all incline in one direction, from the roots toward their extremity.

Heat, Light and Time.—A recent patent for a nursery lamp shows a plan for warming liquids, giving illumination, and showing the time, which latter is done by the fall of ball in a tube, the flame being gauged to consume a given quantity of the oil each minute.

The Human Voice.—There are in the human voice about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,416 different sounds. Thus further, the vocal organs, alone or together, produce 15,392, thirty indirect muscles produce 174,741,824, and all in co-operation produce the above total.

Power of Rivers.—It is said that water moving at the rate of 60 feet an hour tears up fine corn; at 1500 feet carries fine sand, at 3000 feet, fine gravel; two miles, moves pebbles as large as a hen's egg. Some authorities believe that when a river has the proper load of sediment it loses its abrading power.

Growth of Coral.—The slow industry of the coral insects, which builds up coralliferous by infinitesimal deposits, has been often quoted as a model, but it seems that it is not so very slow after all. An Australian paper says that a specimen of coral five inches in height and six inches in diameter, which has been built upon a telegraph cable laid only four years ago.

A Scientific Light.—A Connecticut inventor has devised a safety lamp for railroad cars. A kerosene lamp is placed outside the car at one end, throwing its light by a reflector through a tube and a half in diameter, which runs alongside of the ventilating deck of the car. The tube is capped by a light, a system of reflectors distributing the light through the interior of the car. Attachments are made to the Washington Post at the instant the lamp is off its balance, so that in the event of an accident fire need be apprehended. The tube conducts the light so admirably that fine print can be read at a distance of forty feet from the lamp.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Bad Stacking.—Thousands of bushels of grain are ruined every year by the carelessness with which it is stacked—by heap the middle of the stack full enough.

To Destroy Vermin.—As it is now the season of the year when varmin are apt to make themselves troublesome on fowls. The following simple cure may be found serviceable. Take about two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil and rub it well into the skin just below the vent, and in a few hours you will be unable to find any fowl lice upon the fowl.

Grape Trellises.—Frequently we see grape trellises made wholly of wood bars, which the vine tendrils cannot cling and climb on. Vertical wires, eight inches apart, are important, and carry the weight of shoots loaded with fruit without yielding, but light rods or boat twigs) tends answer well for the vine to climb by, and some support is essential for free and perfect growth.

Treatment of Animals.—Some humane writer truthfully says that "some diseases of cattle are produced by wrong treatment—too much food at one time, too little at another; too rich at one time, too poor at another, etc. If all horses and cattle were fed and watered and treated properly there would be little disease, and all ailments could be cured by simple remedies, which every man is one or only have at hand."

The Utility of the Partridge.—To show how useful the beautiful and numerous partridge is, it is stated that a flock of them was seen running along the rows of corn just sufficiently to be seen by their engaged at something which was believed to be pulling up the young plants, one of them was killed and its "crop" examined, which was found to contain one cut worm, twenty-one striped bugs, and over one hundred chinch bugs.

Cheap Deodorizer.—Take one barrel of lime and one bushel of salt; dissolve the salt in as little water as will dissolve the whole; slake the lime with the water, putting on more water if will slack it, so that it will form a very thick paste; this will not take all the water, therefore, a little of the remainder of the water should be put upon the lime, and the salt dissolved in the remainder. This paste is for all out door purposes, for other purposes, it will require a little more water to be put upon it.

Chrysanthemum is not only a house flower, but the Chinese have cultivated it for more than two thousand years ago, and what was then known as the best of the kind, had to change or not, by cuttings, for $1.25. Quarterly catalogue $4.00.

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RED CLOVER.

BY [illegible]

Pluck me this homely flower,
That with wild fragrance loads the common air
Which all do breathe alike—and let me wear
Its blossoms for the hour.
No hot house beauty this,
Whose perfume reaches but the favored few
With lips that ne'er received the Heaven's dew,
Or felt the wind's wild kiss.
But strong for wind or shower, from out the sod
It blooms abundant in the fields of God.
All rich with memories its odorous breath
Is freighted sweet with life and rank with death.
Oh! bloom within my hair this purple clover flower,
My childhood I would wear this dreamy summer hour.

WAIT.

For years we pray, but pray unheard;
For years we hope with hope deferred;
For years we yearn, but yearn in vain;
Yet pray, and hope, and yearn again.

The day comes when we pray no more,
When hope and yearning both are o'er,
When heart and soul we yield to doubt,
When faith in life has faded out.

Then, lo! within our shut grasp,
Unwitting to elude our clasp,
The joy for which we long have cried,
Stands, all unsummoned, at our side!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "[illegible]," "[illegible] WIND," ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

"The capting 'ave gone, sir," the dirty little girl who answered it informed him.

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where to?"

"I don't know, sir. Nobody don't know."

"Call your mistress. Let me speak to her."

He went into the parlor that had been Mabel's and dropped into the nearest chair, quite stunned by the news. Gone, and left no trace—without a word of farewell or a line to break the pain of the parting. It was no illusion, then—no fancy of his. Colonel Leslie had meant what he said, and acted upon his words.

"Do you wish to speak to me sir?"

The landlady entering stopped his self communing, and he turned to speak to her.

"Only to ask you about Colonel Leslie," he replied. "You can give me his address, of course?"

"Indeed I cannot, sir."

"You don't know where he is gone?"

"He took the four o'clock train to London, sir. That's all I know."

"Can you tell me nothing about it—why he went, or anything?"

"Don't you know, Mr. Dallas?"

"Me! I have no more notion what it all means than you can yourself. He came and talked to me this morning in a way that made me think he was drunk or crazy, but I cannot comprehend his motive."

"Well, sir, I thought he had had some quarrel with you. A gentleman called on him this morning, and then he set off to Whiteladies to see Mrs. Dallas."

"Yes, I know all about that."

"He was a long time gone, and when he came in he seemed in a great rage. Miss Leslie was with him, and I heard him talking very angrily. Then he went out and left her locked up."

"Locked up!"

"Yes, he did, indeed! I saw him put the key in his pocket. She never said a word, poor young lady, but I heard her crying. He came back in about a half an hour, and ordered her upstairs to pack her things. He had sent for a carriage, and when she was ready he paid me, and they went. My heart ached for her, she looked so miserable. I'm sure I thought it was something to do with you that sent them off in such a hurry. I heard the colonel say to Miss Leslie that you were a scoundrel and an impostor, and she was well rid of you."

"He is both, and I'll make him eat his words," said Arthur firmly. "But did she leave no message, no note for me, Mrs. La Roche?"

"Law bless you, sir, she couldn't. She wasn't let to speak to me, and the colonel, he went up to his room and looked all round to see that there was nothing there. He seemed fit to kill her, he did."

"Brute!" ejaculated the young man. "Thank you, Mrs. La Roche. I shall not find them, I daresay."

The landlady did not attend him to the door. She was a dignified sort of personage, and he had disturbed her at her tea. So she simply called down the kitchen stairs, "Door Jane," and disappeared to her own room. Jane came at the summons, wiping her black hand on an apron as black, and opened the door for him. Looking round furtively, she drew something from her pocket and held it out to him.

"It's for you sir," she said.

It was a crumpled note, most uncleanly in appearance, and looking as though it had been in the black lead box, but he guessed it was from Mabel, and took it eagerly, leaving a bright half crown in Jane's dirty hand. Out of sight of the house he tore it open, and read the few blurred words the paper held with wild

"Never doubt me, darling," it said. "I don't believe what I have heard. I will be true to you whatever happens."

CHAPTER IV.

LOST.

For 'tis a truth well known to most
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it ere it come to light
In every cranny but the right.

—*Cowper.*

There was comfort to Arthur Dallas even in that blurred and blotted scrawl. It showed him that Mabel was true, and would not let any evil report stand between them.

The more he thought of the curious assertion which her father had made the more puzzled he was about it, and the only conclusion he could come to about it was that Mr. Montagu's theory was correct, and that Colonel Leslie had either had some more advantageous offer for his daughter, or was on his way to catch a larger fish than the heir of Whiteladies by angling in fresh waters.

Arthur racked his brain to try and think who it could be whom Mabel could have met or the Colonel come across since their arrival in Kingsdon, without success. They had come there solely to ratify the engagement with him, and that Miss Leslie might be introduced to Mrs. Dallas and see her future home.

He sought Mr. Grigg, whose visit to the Colonel seemed to have been the immediate cause of his going to Whiteladies and his strange conduct afterwards, but that gentleman had gone from home rather suddenly, as it seemed, and was not likely to be back for some weeks.

Could he have gone on purpose, Arthur asked himself, to avoid being questioned? He remembered him perfectly, having seen him at his aunt's house, but the contemptuous way in which Mrs. Dallas spoke of him scarcely indicated any business bond between them, and certainly not the existence of a secret which would mean anything like confidence.

His aunt herself seemed in rather a strange mood, and he could not make her out. She was wonderfully gracious to Pincher, making that worthy domestic wonder in her own mind whether her mistress was going to be ill, and treating Bellairs with a sort of grave respect that made the butler uncomfortable, there was so much of hidden irony in it. More than ever she harped on the beauty and blessedness of a single life, till she made the existence of the elderly betrothed pair a burden to them, and rejoiced in the knowledge that she did so.

"Can't you let them alone?" Mr. Montagu said to her one day, when she had delivered a more than usually cutting philippic on the subject to the unhappy Mrs. Pincher, who left the room almost in tears, galled beyond measure that the lawyer should have heard it.

"No, I can't," she replied. "They are so greedy. They stay on here waiting for me to die, for the sake of what I was foolish enough to promise them in my will. They shall have it. I won't be worse than my word, but it shall not be sweet to them. I have been mistaken in them, Montagu. They are both thoroughly deceitful!"

"I thought they were such good servants?"

"So they are. I don't mean in that way. You will know some day what I mean, and so will they."

She chuckled over her plan, whatever it was, but would tell him no further, and he was fain to leave the mystery unsolved. He could not imagine what she was going to do. All her affairs were arranged long ago, perfectly, as he knew, and Bellairs and Pincher set down for a very nice little sum in her will.

He took the opportunity of speaking to the waiting woman, whom he found in low spirits in the housekeeper's room, and asking her why they put up with such continual revilings from their mistress, and why they did not get married at once.

"I am quite sure Mrs. Dallas would behave handsomely to you; and it would be much better than waiting all your lives in this miserable sort of way," he said.

"Yes, I know, but James won't. I dar'n't go against him, and he says I'm to wait!" added the woman.

"Dar'n't!"

"I didn't mean quite that, sir," said Mrs. Pincher, with a scared look. "I meant I shouldn't like to. He knows best, I daresay."

"I shouldn't think he did, and if I were a woman I'd go my own way, and have nothing to do with him. Mr. James seems a narrow minded sort of fellow. You'd be better without him."

"Do you mean break with him, sir?"

"Well, I think I do. Why should you be tied all your life to him? Waiting for dead men's shoes, or a dead woman's—it's all the same. Your mistress may live for years yet."

"I hope she will, sir, I'm sure!"

"Then I should send Mr. Bellairs about his business. You might find half a dozen more lovers who would not want you to wear out your life waiting, and do better for you than he will."

Mrs. Pincher turned very pale, and a troubled look came into her eyes as the lawyer spoke.

"I might have other lovers, I daresay, sir, but I can't break with Bellairs," she said, bridling up.

"Can't?"

"No, sir, I can't."

"Oh, well, you know your own business best, of course. It's none of mine!"

And Mr. Montagu went away, pondering over Mrs. Pincher's words and her queer manner.

"There's more to it all than I know of," he said to himself.

But though he thought it over in every possible way he could come to no solution of the mystery.

To her nephew Mrs. Dallas was more than ordinarily tender in the time immediately succeeding the departure of the Leslies from Kingsdon. Arthur told her how Mabel and her father had disappeared, and of the fruitless inquiries he had made about them. It would have been strange if he had found them, for the Colonel had taken another name for the nonce, and was keeping his daughter a prisoner in an obscure London lodging, till such time as the good ship Empress of the Wave was ready to start.

Mabel got no clue to the mystery of her father's strange conduct till after they had left Kingsdon. His assertion that Arthur Dallas was not his aunt's heir, and would have no part in Whiteladies in the time to come, astonished her, but somehow she could not believe it. She knew that opposition in words to her father's commands would be useless. She had felt the weight of his anger before now, poor girl, and was fully aware that he was capable of anything when once he was roused. So she did his bidding and packed up, discovering to her dismay that her writing desk was downstairs, and that she would not be able to write as she had intended to Arthur.

The flyleaf of a book furnished a bit of paper, and on it she wrote the few hasty lines that brought such joy to her lover's heart. She was not liberated till it was time to go. Her father brought her up some luncheon himself, and when she asked for her desk he told her with an evil smile that he had packed that up.

"I'm not going to have any letter writing, my girl," he said. "The thing's at an end, and must be for ever. Eat your luncheon and don't look as if I were planning to murder you."

"You may if you part me from Arthur, papa. My life will not be worth much to me without him."

"Bosh!" was the Colonel's elegant reply to this avowal.

And then he slammed the door and turned the key upon her once more.

Only a moment could she get in the passage to entrust her missive to the black fingered but kind hearted Jane. Her father would not summon her till the cab was at the door to take them away, and he escorted her downstairs himself. Mrs. La Roche was in the hall, dignified and [illegible]. She did not like losing her lodgers in this summary fashion, though it would have been a most agreeable surprise to her to have been paid in full as she had just been. She had been feeling rather doubtful of the Colonel for the past few days, for he had a gentlemanly, off-handed fashion of waiving the subject of his bill, and of assuming the airs of a gentleman who has a pocket full of money, but who does not want to be bored by paying, that was somewhat exasperating.

He had paid her now, not in a dubious check upon bankers that she had never heard of, and who might or might not have funds at their disposal, but in good, honest coin of the realm, which was in her pocket at that moment, and which made her prospects with her landlord at the end of the quarter look much brighter than before. Jane was dimly visible at the top of the kitchen stairs, and a look from Mabel brought her further into the light. She felt sure that this sudden flitting had something to do with the young lady's love affair, and sympathized with her accordingly.

"Good bye, Jane," said Mabel, holding out her hand.

Jane looked at her in surprise and delight, rubbed a grimy hand hastily on the skirt of her equally grimy dress, and then held it out. Mabel took it, and the girl felt the bit of paper, guessed what it was, and sent a look of understanding out of her keen black eyes. Colonel Leslie's back was to them, and Mabel said in a low tone:

"For him—give it to him, Jane."

"Yes, miss."

"You'll not forget it?"

"No, miss. He shall have it safe."

"Now, Mabel," said the Colonel, "wish Mrs. La Roche good morning. We have a train to catch."

"Go back to your work, and don't stand staring there," sharply ordered the landlady.

And Jane disappeared into the lower regions with Mabel's precious missive.

"What were you talking to that filthy scullery wench about?" demanded Colonel Leslie, when they had fairly started.

He was faultlessly dressed himself, and smoking a fine cigar with an unconcerned air, though in truth he was horribly disappointed and crestfallen. He had his reasons for acting as he had done, and was very thankful that he had been able to back out of the affair with Arthur Dallas in time. He had bidden a haughty adieu to Mrs. La Roche, and was displeased at what he termed Mabel's unnecessary familiarity with the servant.

He had one of those vulgar, narrow minds, which deem it derogatory to hold converse with anyone of lower social status than themselves. He would have cut the dearest friend of his boyhood in the street, if the decrees of fate had placed that friend on a lower rung of the social ladder than himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD DRINKING CUPS AND CUSTOMS.

Drinking from the same cup by several individuals, is an old custom which is still kept alive in Italy and in all parts of Germany, and is not unknown in England among those classes who are lovers of malt liquors, and drink it "from the pewter." When a friend meets another in a coffee house or tavern, the one who has already ordered something does not issue a second order for his friend, but holds out the vessel for the newcomer. The German krug and the English pewter mug still show the popular feeling in favor of one large vessel for a friendly party. The formula of Saxon politeness which consisted in two drinkers employing the same vessel is well known. The first who drank said, *was hail* (here's health to you,) and the one who received the goblet, before emptying it, said, *drink hail*, (I drink your health.) From the "Roman de Rou," it appears that this was customary among the English as late as the twelfth century. There were hanaps mounted on one foot, in the form of a chalice; others were mounted on three feet, and others still were made in the form of a bowl or cup. Some were made with covers, others without, and the materials employed in their construction was as varied as their shapes. The hanap was particularly used by persons of high social position, the tankard with handle being the more popular vessel.

Such was the fear of poison in the Middle Ages that a person was served from a hanap with a cover which could be used as a vessel, from which cover the servant drank a little of the liquor which he poured from the goblet for that purpose. These precautions clearly proved insufficient, and preservatives against poisoning were sought after under the most absurd prejudices. The fabulous animal known as the unicorn was thought to be the enemy of everything impure. People fancied that by causing their beverages to be served them in vases made of the horn of the magical beast, they could easily detect the presence of poison in their drink. Handles were made, as they thought, of this material for knives, for it was said that blood would exude from horn and bone of the unicorn, when brought in contact with poisoned meats.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

During the hot midsummer days, toilettes of light diaphanous fabrics are the most sought after. White batiste is among these popular materials. The first skirt is pleated, the second skirt is turned up en tavernac, and trimmed with blue and red embroidery, and the bodice, which is pleated in front, is bordered at each side of the pleating with colored embroidery. Red and blue bows fasten the second skirt at the back. Other white dresses are made with polonaises, which are trimmed at each side with very wide bands of colored embroidery, and with flat bows down the centre. There are also cream batiste dresses with Venetian lace (copied from old patterns) and black velvet bows. The foulard five o'clock tea dresses are exquisite. Imagine a pink foulard skirt, drawn in long fine gatherings down the entire front, and at each side of the tablier a row of English blocks sewn on without fulness. The long jacket has a drawn plastron, a square collar, and a lace cascade in front. Pale blue foulard made in this style, but pleated instead of gathered, is also very charming, but the gathered fronts are the most characteristic.

The new Pompadour costumes are also in high favor this sultry weather. They consist of a pale blue cambric skirt with flounces, trimmed with a Pompadour band, white ground covered with tiny pink flowers. The tunic is turned up a la Watteau, and is trimmed with embroidered and festooned white net. Pompadour bodice, with plain blue waistcoat and ruches of embroidered net.

Bouquet bows are new and pretty for brightening up white toilettes. They are made of twelve loops of six different colors, two loops of each color being used. They are of inch wide satin ribbon, and are of loops an inch and a half deep, massed together like the petals of a rose, and form as it [illegible] regular rosette when sewn on. Pale blue, dark red, pink, olive green, old gold, and moss gray loops all appear in a single bouquet bow or rosette.

Black grenadine is still considered an essential item in a lady's wardrobe. The newest is the bourrette grenadine, which has thick irregular threads on a fine ground, and is made up over silk, generally as Princess dresses. The bodice is lined from the neck to the hips, but the drapery below and the sleeves are without lining, and in these parts alone is the beautiful transparency of the grenadine visible. Black satin is used for piping, cording, etc., and the trimming is French lace imitating Chantilly designs, arranged in thickly clustered pleats with a jet heading; the buttons are very small jet ones cut in facets, and tassels of jet beads terminate the basques at the back. Besides these new bourrette grenadines, there are brocaded grenadines with scroll designs, and others dotted with satin, and these are mostly trimmed with the Spanish blonde laces in flowered designs, or with the new grenadine lace, which is wrought on fine grenadine and has one disadvantage only—it is very costly. A succession of loops of double faced ribbon is another trimming for these dresses, or lace is pleated in clusters of three pleats, a plain space is left and loops of inch wide ribbon are arranged on this space. The new colored grenadines in bourrette patterns and cashmere colors are made up in the same way, always with transparent sleeves and with a combination of silk of contrasting color. The new curtain overskirt is a good model for making up the new bourrette grenadine with the quaint Eastern coloring. The breadths that are draped from the front of the belt and joined on the train curve outward like curtain loopings, and are edged with wide fringe displaying all the Indian colors.

Silk muslin embroidered in colors is used for draperies over satin evening dresses and light silk ones. The texture and suppleness of silk muslin and its creamy white tone render it exquisite for the purpose, especially when Mechlin lace is combined with it. Both plain and striped silks for weddings and other fetes are trimmed with silk muslin and Mechlin lace draperies, and a great object at present is to introduce a new, unique contrast of color. China crape and silk of the same shade are also made up into beautiful and charming fete dresses. [illegible] crape and silk are trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and pink crape and silk have bows lined with deep cardinal red or else pale blue and Mechlin lace. The sleeves are of the crape, and, like all sleeves so for summer wear, reach just below the elbow, but these are worn only with gloves long enough to meet them, for in Paris it is not admissible to show the bare arm in the street, and, although the bodice may be covered by a mantle of some kind, it would be indecorous to let the arm be seen unprotected by the extremely long glove which is in vogue by fashion. As for mittens, they are worn only in the house. These are made of undressed kid with embroidered initials, and of black or colored thread embroidered with black or colored silk. They are even made of velvet, and of silk embroidered in gold or silver, for fashion has relapsed into a caprice for metal, and gilds and plates it all at pleasure, even as regards hats, gloves and ribbons.

Warm though it be, our dressmakers are beginning to think of what is to be worn in autumn. Nothing is yet decided, except that beige-colored Indian cashmere, trimmed with bands of Indienne embroidered with gold, will be a leading feature. One band is arranged down the centre of the dress, and two at each side, and the cashmere is draped, so that it forms waves between the bands. Charming autumn dresses will also be made of Cossack silk, especially in claret, in cornelite, and in steel color. For gay seaside resorts and spas, costumes are now made of cardinal red Cossack silk, and are trimmed with jet and black chenille embroidery. Others have a profusion of rainbow jet, and bands of black jet across the skirt. Many dresses will be made of *Pompadour*, trimmed with chenille fringes arranged as flounces, jet being introduced into the chenille strands, and when such fringes alternate with lace the effect is very elegant. For light evening dresses the lace is white, and the fringe somewhat dark. For example, a prune fringe on pale blue faille; a moss green fringe on pale pink faille; and the jet would be golden jet, hyphopluine jet, humming bird jet, and ruby jet.

Embroidered bands of cloth will be largely used for trimming demi-saison toilets and mantles, and the Indienne bands embroidered with gold will often be replaced by bands of cashmere, likewise worked with gold. The satin ribbons, with a cashmere pattern, are most popular, and are used for trimming bonnets, white dresses, and black dresses.

Silver jewelry, in the form of chatelaines, with such appendages as an egg filled with rice powder, a tiny mirror, a pocket book with pencil, all in silver, are immensely worn this summer by French women, especially with those costumes which affect a *petit air neglige*. The fan, on the contrary, is now rarely worn suspended from the waistband; it is carried in the hand, which is highly inconvenient when the parasol has to be carried too.

Among the variety of hats to be seen are the Gainsborough, with long white plumes, Renaissance, and Reine Marguerite; but the newest are the Bourbonnaise hats, precisely similar to those worn by the coquettish shepherdesses of Louis IV.'s reign. They are of the finest Leghorn straw, without dress (which means that the straw is as supple as possible); the brim is lowered in front and there is a curtain at the back; black ribbon velvet is passed through the centre of the curtain, and tied in a very large bow on the hair, round the crown there is a strip of the finest white linen, with a triple plaiting of Alencon lace tied somewhat at the side in a large bow. Altogether the Bourbonnaise is a most stylish summer hat.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—Ed.]

High Tea.—The complications of modern life are many. Our grandmothers had an easy time of it when they did their shopping within half a mile from home, never visited anybody residing beyond a short driving distance, while our grandfathers took all their meals in a regular way, and business was far too leisurely to keep dinner waiting.

One of the pleasantest customs is the combination of substantial viands with the refreshment of that meal which ladies love beyond all others. It can well carry us through the difficulties which beset us on these days when, starting off for a long day's work in shopping, or a summer day's expedition, which we feel we may be terribly fatigued and for dinner, and that nothing would be so welcome to our jaded nerves as the aroma of the tea pot! Again, why should not the [illegible]

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

[illegible]